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FAITHFUL TILL DEATH.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

"Dandelion, Dandelion, comely and bright,
What whispered the bee, as he turned in his flight?"

"He came for a kiss of my bright yellow hair,
To speed him away through the soft summer air."

"Dandelion, Dandelion, will he be true—
Other flowers are fairer, and bees love to woo?"

"He promised, I trusted—will trust him for aye—
He will come, fond and faithful, again by-and-by."

* * * * * *

She bathed ev'ry day in the bonny May dew,
That her face might be fairer to him, tried and true.

Alas, he came not. The summer grew old,
And tarnished and few fell the locks that were gold.

Till school-children passing would stop by the way
To pity the waiting one growing so gray;

And even the butterfly, frivolous one,
Told the Rose how the Dandelion's duty was done.

Then the Rose told the Lily, and she sped the tale
To the drooping Acacia that swung o'er the vale;

And she dropped a note to the Clover below,
Saying, "Surely the honey-bee this ought to know."

He was busy in truth where buckwheat was white,
Heaping up honey riches from morning till night.

Not false to his love, only thinking each day
He would cease from his labors and home again stray.

Now, when from the Clover he heard it at last,
With shame he remembered the summer had passed.

And left all ungathered the blossom wealth there,
Speeding on as he might through the bloom-burdened air.

* * * * * *

"Dandelion, Dandelion, where is your faith?
Your locks, they are white for the bridal of death!"

Hark! soft like the throb of a fairy-land drum,
She hears the low note of the honey-bee's hum,

And soft, low and sweet spends her last feeble breath,
Saying, "Love, I have trusted thee even to death."

Then swirling aloft on the swift-rising breeze
Went the white shining flower soul, up to the trees—

Up, up in the sunshine, like stars which astray,
Would ask of the cloudlets their [illegible] way—
Up out of the sight of the sorrowful bee,
Who her requiem chants ever more steadily.

NORWOOD;

OR

VILLAGE LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER XV.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

After a day of so much excitement the two girls would scarcely be held from sleep by the violence of the storm. Only at one or two tremendous peals of thunder did they start from their slumber and listen to the sweeping wind, which rattled every window, roared in the chimneys, and shook the whole house. Then suddenly the tumult would cease. Not a drop of rain would fall. Not a leaf seemed to move, nor a puff of wind to blow. Just as suddenly would the rain again pour in torrents, only abruptly to cease, as if a valve had been shut, and the supply instantly cut off.

Nor did the light that fell upon their faces, as Aunt Rachel came for her last care before retiring, disturb an eyelid. The darkness and the light are alike to those whom God translates into the mysterious world of sleep. Strange world! in which we dwell in unconsciousness a quarter part of all our lives! Is four score years then so long, that from it must be subtracted a full fourth part?

To one of Rachel's peculiar habit of mind the spectacle of sleep is always solemn and mysterious. Where do their spirits wander? Voyaging along the dark continent, through what influences do they glide? What guardian spirits convoy them? Or what spiteful sprites would annoy them? If they were dead, would they not lie just as now they do? Rachel shuddered as she tucked them up and put back a raven lock of hair that had escaped from Alice's cap.

Think it not strange that a farmer's wife should deeply ponder questions which have tasked the deepest thinkers. Careful thinking may demand careful culture. But it is nature that gives the power to think, and it is conferred on many who never train their faculties with the help of schools. Now and then, and in New England often, are to be found plain and uncultured persons, whose unconscious thoughts deal habitually with the profoundest questions which man can ponder. The very intensity of religious conviction—at once the cause of so much that is good, and the occasion of so much ill repute—tends, at length, to breed among the common people an aptitude for deep moral problems.

But Rachel never sought such subjects. They came to her, and came largely through her feelings and her imagination. She was scarcely conscious of her own agency in producing the thoughts—half-sad impressions of the infinite—which seemed to overshadow her. She was scared at the impressions that seemed to fall upon her,—just as birds, singing in a thicket, if the shadow of a hawk sailing in the air pass by, hush their notes and nestle close. Many have marvelled at the mystery of human life, its irregularities, its inequalities, its incompleteness, its contradictory elements, its inequitableness. These were not Rachel's peculiar thoughts. Life seemed every day like a voyage along the edge of a great spirit world, out of which, it seemed to her, presently would come some infinite truth, some revelation. These were not *thoughts*, but vague feelings.

Nor are such tendencies uncommon among common people. There are many fine natures hidden under coarse forms. Powerful impressions are produced on many who cannot resolve them into ideas, and still less fashion them to words. Along the furrow, by the work-bench, in the chamber, or in the kitchen, have been thousands silently plying the unknown with as solemn an earnestness as that of those who write books to prove how little man can know of the Unknowable!

Of all that have cast line or net into that sea, whose line has straightened? and whose net has been broken with its draught of fishes?

But this evening, as if stirred up by the excitement of the night and the storm, Rachel seemed to gaze upon Alice as one who sends a child afar off. What is before her? Is her life already rolled up within her, as leaves and blossoms are in buds? Do men come into life mere messengers to fulfil decrees? Is this child like a dyer's thread, whose colors, differently measured and laid in, shall in weaving form a prearranged figure? And what is the pattern? Who knows? And what will be the weaving? Who can tell? Can any one hinder it? or help it? *Must* it be?—is it decreed?—will my darling's life unfold as inevitably as a rose pit into a rose bush? an apple seed into an apple tree? Must I let her go, as one would cut loose a skiff, and let it drift out into the wide ocean? It may founder or strand upon a desolate island, or monsters may seize it, or rough men, seeing it helpless on the sea, snatch up its little voyager into some ship of foreign tongue, on rude and dangerous voyages! Already Rachel felt that Alice was gone out of her arms, and that dull aching which came from the soul's deep sense of pilgrimage—from the habit of solitary thought, from its pining after truths beyond the boundary lines—was a premonition of sorrow.

Rachel left the children and went down stairs. The storm was sobbing itself to rest. The thunder grew more distant, and the rain settled down to a steady work of fine and constant drops. Into the great kitchen she went, and closing the doors, ere long she was bowed in prayer. No words escaped her. Yet tears were there many, and many sighs. But, as the storm had spent itself out of doors, so it would seem as if this pleading face to face with God had scattered her clouds, and if she did not arise radiant, she at least wore a face solemn with the peace of resignation. If one shall ask, was there need of such trouble?—Not to him that asketh. But to him that is born to sing, singing is a necessity: and to him that is born to sigh, sighing is a necessity. Some smile easily, and some are just as easily sad. Some think. Some feel. Each has his mood.

A conscience that is idealized, that clothes the minutest shades of life with transcendent importance, and sees refinements in duty far beyond common eyes, cannot help stamping the character with a peculiar experience.

The broad common sense of her husband was only just enough touched with the imagination to give richness, and plain and practical refinement. But he was not wont to spend thought either upon his own states of mind, or upon the subtile questions which dazzle, or darken, natures of a mystical tendency. He knew all the doctrines of religion as she did. He read the same books, listened to the same sermons; but the result in each was utterly unlike. There was not simply definiteness, but uniformity of conception in his mind. Once having explored a doubt and mastered it, it never rose again. Once having traced the proofs of any proposition to an intellectual conviction, that truth stood forever clear and firm.

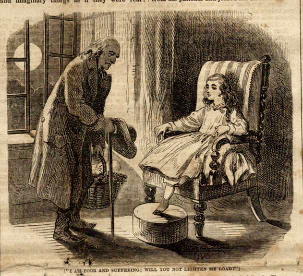
Rachel lacked that philosophical grip which holds a truth to its place, and compels it to a decent and conventional behavior. Truths came and went above her head, as summer clouds do—casting down their shifting shadows in endless variety and never twice alike. A fear which was mastered yesterday was as fresh to-day as the new wind of March, which blows no less to-day because it was spent and hushed yesterday evening.

If in her childhood truth had risen upon her mind in its wider aspects, and the infiniteness of divine tenderness had fired the imagination and toned the conscience, it is not easy to see what measure of difference there would have been between the result and that which actually had taken place, by an early and continued presentation to her mind of sterner views of divine justice and of the requisitions of divine purity.

Winged with imagination and colored with fear and exquisite sensibility of conscience, her thoughts ranged those vast fields of truth so familiar to New-England pulpits; not as if affrighted with some near and impending terror, but as sad with long-familiar truth, whose glory and beauty cast down shadows and twilight upon our mortal state, and stained all human life.

That this was a feeling rather than a conviction made it the more unmanageable. That it dissolved and fled away often, when sharply pierced with a clear truth, was of little use so long as "the clouds returned again after the rain."

It should not be thought that these inward experiences produced a moping, tear-shedding woman, who carried her shadow over all the household. Rachel had a peculiar charm of personal presence. Her sympathy was so quick, her goodness so deep, her intuitions so fine, that she took hold upon all who came near her, and evinced a singular power of producing happiness in them. Nothing of her own moods appeared to ordinary observers except a fine sadness, which passed among her friends not apt to distinguish closely between shades of feeling, simply as tenderness. It is not uncommon for such natures to guard their inward life with a jealous shame, as if it would, if known, lower them in men's approbation. And sometimes, too, the rebound from these airy and endless musings into practical kindness brings grateful relief. At any rate, Rachel was known neither by her children nor her friends as one of an unhappy experience, but as one of the few that were far more than they seemed; whose reserve was that of inward occupation and depth, rather than of timidity or of pride.



["I AM POOR AND SUFFERING; WILL YOU NOT LIGHTEN MY LOAD?"]

The morning came to the happy children. Alice was to return with Rose, and spend the day in town, and Rose was to show and share a wealth of things indoors and out, which seemed to Alice—whose more simple and retired life seldom met with superfluities—a fairy world.

Is there in life a fairer sight than two maidens, just emerging from childhood, twined together in love, gentle, strong, sincere, and full of fancies? who see real things as if they were visions, and imaginary things as if they were real? whose days and nights flow musical as a meadow brook, between green banks, and over a bottom rough just enough to give flash and ripple to the surface? All the simplicity of childhood is yet theirs, while dawning duties and social proprieties begin to jut out like the buds in early spring! How beautiful the contrast between Alice, sensitive, reserved, and full of innate dignity—whose cheek changed color to her feelings, shifting almost as the colors flash from a humming-bird's back as he quivers among flowers,—and Rose, fair skinned, of a brown hair that might be called suppressed auburn,—free, frank, strong and loving,—who seemed conscious of the life and meaning of every living thing except herself. She had that perfect health which produces unconsciousness of self. Alice accepted mirth but never created it. Rose sparkled with it. Her thoughts moved in a brilliant atmosphere. In certain of her moods events, people, and even soulless objects, sparkled with gayety and humor. The two girls might be called, in the language of art, Light and Shadow.

CHAPTER XVI.

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

If a day in a country farm-house is joyous to town-people, not less exhilarating to country friends is a day in a town mansion. Alice, in her silent and gentle way, seemed to absorb happiness from the very air. That sensitive timidity, which was like an outer-garment to her really courageous and resolute nature, suffered no embarrassment in Dr. Wentworth's family. Agate Bissell's plain speech and direct manner never left an unfavorable impression. There was a flow of honesty and undisguised kindness which children instinctively recognized. Her whole conduct was indulgent, though her language seemed monitorial and even magisterial.

Mrs. Wentworth was one whose soul shone through her face, and gave it an almost transparent look. She lived under the influence of her best faculties,—therefore her manner and influence seemed to excite the best faculties of those who met her. Very clear-headed was she, very cheerful, and very kind. Your first glance upon her face would lead you to say, Penetration is her ruling trait. Your second glance would convince you that sympathy was more strongly indicated. If she spoke, you would conclude that no one feeling ruled, but many,—and all of them good. At first, you would think—this woman sees through all films, and cannot be deceived; next, you would feel—there is no need of hiding any thing from her—she is to be trusted.

As for Dr. Wentworth—nobody saw through him, and everybody trusted him. There was no dormant faculty in him—he was alive all around his soul. There were no Arctic and Antarctic zones. The whole globe of his nature was tropical, and yet temperate.

His moods ran through the whole scale of faculties. He was various as the separate days. He carried the germs of everything which bore fruit in other men's characters, and so could put himself into sympathy with every kind of man. A great talker at times, yet even when most frank, he was yet more silent than talkative, and left the impression of one who had only blown the foam off from unfathomable thoughts.

What a place was his house for children? An old mansion, quaint and voluminous, stored full of curious knick-knacks, more curious books, and most curious engravings; yet the interior of the house was even less attractive to children than the grounds about it. Such dainty nooks there were, such pet mazes among the evergreens, such sweeps of flowers and tangles of blossoming vines, such rows of fruit-laden trees, such discoveries to be made, here and there, of new garden plats, of before unseen beds of flowers, such wildernesses of morning-glories, and tangles of honeysuckles running over rocks, or matted in the grass, that once out, the children never wanted to go in, and once in, they could hardly persuade themselves to go out.

When the afternoon was turning in the West, and the sunlight began to shoot golden beams under the branches of the trees, and the shadows stretched themselves every moment larger and larger along the ground, as if the time were near for them to fall asleep, Dr. Wentworth came in from his patients and joined the children. Then there was racing and frolicking! Then you might have seen three children indeed!

But, after a time, Rose began to persuade her father to tell some stories. Story-hunger in children is even more urgent than bread-hunger. And so, at length, he suffered himself to be led captive to his favorite tree, where scores of times he had been wont to weave fables and parables for Rose;—fictions that under every form whatsoever, still tended, in his child's imagination, to bring Nature home to her as God's wonderful revelation, vital with sentiment and divine truth. Sitting upon the ground, with one child on either side, leaning upon his knees and looking up into his face, he began:

Anxious Leaf.

"Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter little leaf?' And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!' The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.' And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, 'Oh, branches! why are you lead color and we golden?' 'We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over.' Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves. and fell into a dream and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about!"

How charming it is to narrate fables to children! How daintily do they carry on the conscious dramatic deception! They know that if the question were once got in upon them, "Are these things *true?*" the bubble would burst, and all its fine colors would disappear. Children are unconscious philosophers. They refuse to pull to pieces their enjoyments to see what they are made of! Rose knew as well as her father that leaves never talked. Yet, Rose never saw a leaf without feeling that there was life and meaning in it. Flowers had stories in them. The natural world stole in upon her with mute messages, and the feelings which woke in her bosom she attributed to nature, and the thoughts which started she deemed a revelation and an interpretation of truths that lay hidden in creation waiting for her!

What is one story? A mere provocative of another.

"Do tell us another, father. That was *so* short."

"Yes, doctor—do tell us some more," said Alice, and then, coloring a little, she said—"Rose can have them every day, but I cannot,—only once in a great while."

"Alice, you must make your father tell *you* stories."

"He does, sometimes, but they are always out of books, and almost always Bible stories, and I know them by heart already."

After Dr. Wentworth had regaled himself enough with the children's charming arts of coaxing, he began another story:

The Fairy Flower.

"Once there was a little girl whose name was Clara. She had a very kind heart, but she was an only child and had been petted so much that she was like to become very selfish. Too late her mother lamented that she had indulged her so much, and strove to repair the mischief and to make Clara think of other people's happiness, and not solely of her own. On some days nothing could be more charming than Clara's ways. She was gentle and obliging, and sang all day long, and made every one who came near her happy by her agreeable manners. Then every body admired her, and her mother and aunt were sure that she was cured of her pettish dispositions. But, the very next day, all her charming ways were exchanged. She carried a moody face. She was no longer courteous, and every one who came near her felt the chill of her manner, as if an east wind were blowing with her breath. One summer night, after such a miserable day, Clara went to her room. The moon was at its full, and poured through the window in such floods that she needed no other light. Clara sat down by the window very unhappy. She thought over the day, and wondered at herself, and tried to imagine why it was that on some days she was so happy and on others so wretched. As she mused she laid her head back on the easy chair. No sooner had she shut her eyes, than a strange thing happened. An old man, very feeble, came in, and in his basket which he seemed hardly able to bear, was a handful of flowers, and two great stones. He came to Clara and said, 'My daughter, will you help me, for I am too old to carry this load; please make it lighter?' Then Clara looked at him with pouting, and said, 'Go away!' Then he said, 'I am poor and suffering. Will you not lighten my load?' Then Clara condescended to take the flowers out of his basket. They were very beautiful, and she laid them in her lap.

"The old man said:

"'My daughter, you have not lightened my basket—you have only taken the pleasant things out of it, and left the heavy, heavy stones. Oh, please lift one of them out of the basket!'

"Then Clara was angry, and said:

"'No, get you gone—I will not touch those dirty stones.'

"No sooner had she said this, than the old man began to change before her, and became so bright and white, that he looked like a column of crystal. Then he took one of the stones and cast it out of the window and it flew and flew and flew, and fell down on the eastern side of a grove, where the sun shone first every morning—and close by it ran a brook that laughed and loitered and sported all day and all night, and played with everything that would come to it.

"And then the crystal old man took the flowers out of her lap, and they were wet with moisture, and he shook them over her head, and said:

"'Change to a flower! Go and stand by the stone, till your shadow shall be marked upon the rock.'

"In a second, Clara was growing by the side of a wide flat stone, and the moon cast the shadow of a beautiful flower, with long and slender stem, upon the rock. She was very wretched, and the dew came and comforted her, and in the morning she could not help looking at herself in the brook, that came close up to the stone, and she saw how beautiful she was. All day her shadow fell on the rock, and when the sun went away the shadow went away too. All night she threw a pale shadow on the rock, and in the morning, when the moon went away, the shadow went away too. And the rock lay still, all day and all night, and did not care for the flower, nor feel its shadow. And she longed, and longed, and longed; but what could a tender flower do with a hard rock? And the flower asked the brook, 'Can you help me?' And the brook laughed out louder than it was laughing before, and said, 'Ask the birds.' And so she asked a Bob'olink, and he came frisking to her, with a wonderful speech, in Latin, Greek and Syriac, with some words from the great language that was before all other languages. And he alit upon the flower, and teetered up and down, till she thought her back would break; but nothing could she learn how to make her shadow stay upon the rock.

"Then she asked a spider; and he spun a web from her bright blossoms, and fastened it to the rock, and bent her over, and tied her up, till she feared she should never get loose. But all his nice films did her no good, and her shadow would not stay upon the rock.

"Then she asked the wind to help her, and the wind blew away the spider's web, and blew so hard that the flower lay its whole length upon the rock, but when the wind left her and she rose up, there was no shadow there!

And she said—'What is beauty worth, if it grows by the side of a stone that does not feel it, nor care for it?'

"Then she asked the dew to help her. And the dew said, 'How can I help you? I live contentedly in darkness. I put on my beauty only to please other things. I let the sun come through my drops, though I know it will consume me.'

"The flower said, 'I wish I were dew.' I would do some good. Now my beauty does me no good and I am wasting it every day upon a rock.' When the flower breathed this benevolent wish, there were flutters and whispers all around, but the flower thought it was only the brook.

"The next day came that way a beautiful girl. She was gathering ferns, and mosses, and flowers. Whenever she saw a tuft of moss she said, 'Please, dear moss, may I take you?' And when she saw a beautiful branch with scarlet leaves, she said, 'Dear bush, may I take these leaves?' And then she saw a beautiful Columbine growing by the edge of a rock, and she said, 'Oh, sweet Columbine, may I pluck you?' And the flower said, 'Please, I must not go till my shadow is fastened on the rock.' Then the young lady took from her case a pencil and in a moment traced the shadow of the Columbine upon the rock, and when she had done she reached her hand and took the stem low down and broke it off. Then Clara sprang up from her chair by the window, and there stood her mother, saying:

"'My dear daughter, you should not fall asleep by an open window, not even in summer, my child. How damp you are! Come, hasten to bed.'

"It was many days before Clara could persuade herself that she had only dreamed. It was many months before she told the dream to her mother. And when she did, her mother said:

"'Ah, Clara, would that all girls might dream, if only it made them as good as your dream has made you.'

The doctor seemed quite interested in his own story, and sat silent for a moment, that the good impression might settle in the girls' minds. He was awakened to attention by some little flutter, and saw Rose nodding in a gravely humorous way to Alice, as if she meant to say:

"I hope, Alice, that you will take this lesson to heart, and never be naughty again!"

"Ah, rogue Rose!" said the doctor. "Is that the way you pay me for my trouble? You shall——"

Rose, without waiting for the whole sentence, darted off, and in an instant the doctor was in full chase, while Alice, hesitant, followed in the distance, half laughing, and quite uneasy lest some harm should come to Rose. Harm did come. She was, after nimble turns and skilful evasions, so amused at her father's mishap in rushing upon a sweet-briar, when he thought to have seized her, that her strength dissolved in laughter. She was caught, and her hands tied with honeysuckle vines, and her neck was bound with flowers, and so she was carried away captive, smothered with sweets, to be punished under the great tree. There her father pronounced the sentence, that for irreverence and rebellion, she should be doomed to hear another story, which he called

Coming and Going.

"Once came to our fields a pair of birds that had never built a nest nor seen a winter. Oh, how beautiful was everything! The fields were full of flowers, and the grass was growing tall, and the bees were humming everywhere. Then one of the birds fell to singing, and the other bird said, 'Who told you to sing?' and he answered: 'The flowers told me, and the bees told me, and the winds and leaves told me, and the blue sky told me, and you told me to sing.' Then his mate answered: 'When did I tell you to sing?' And he said: 'Every time you brought in tender grass for the nest, and every time your soft wings fluttered off again for hair and feathers to line the nest.' Then his mate said: 'What are you singing about?' And he answered: 'I am singing about everything and nothing. It is because I am so happy that I sing.'

"By-and-by five little speckled eggs were in the nest, and his mate said: 'Is there anything in all the world as pretty as my eggs?' Then they both looked down on some people that were passing by, and pitied them because they were not birds, and had no nests with eggs in them! Then the father-bird sung a melancholy song because he pitied folks that had no nests, but had to live in houses.

"In a week or two, one day when the father-bird came home, the mother-bird said: 'Oh, what do you think has happened?' 'What?' 'One of my eggs has been peeping and moving!' Pretty soon another egg moved under her feathers, and then another, and another, till five little birds were born!

"Now the father-bird sung longer and louder than ever. The mother-bird, too, wanted to sing, but she had no time, and so she turned her song into work. So hungry were these little birds, that it kept both parents busy feeding them. Away each one flew. The moment the little birds heard their wings fluttering again among the leaves, five yellow mouths flew open so wide, that nothing could be seen but five yellow mouths!

"'Can anybody be happier?' said the father-bird to the mother-bird. 'We will live in this tree always, for there is no sorrow here. It is a tree that always bears joy.'

"The very next day one of the birds dropped out of the nest, and a cat ate it up in a minute, and only four remained; and the parent-birds were very sad, and there was no song all that day nor the next. Soon the little birds were big enough to fly, and great was their parents' joy to see them leave the nest and sit crumpled up upon the branches. There was then a great time! One would have thought the two old birds were French dancing-masters,—talking and chattering, and scolding the little birds, to make them go alone. The first bird that tried flew from one branch to another, and the parents praised him, and the other little birds wondered how he did it! And he was so vain of it that he tried again, and flew and flew, and couldn't stop flying, till he fell plump down by the house-door; and then a little boy caught him and carried him into the house,—and only three birds were left. Then the old birds thought that the sun was not bright as it used to be, and they did not sing as often.

"In a little time the other birds had learned to use their wings, and they flew away and away, and found their own food and made their own beds, and their parents never saw them any more!

"Then the old birds sat silent, and looked at each other a long while.

"At last, the wife-bird said:

"'Why don't you sing?'

"And he answered:

"'I can't sing—I can only think and think!'

"'What are you thinking of?'

"'I am thinking how every thing changes,—the leaves are falling down from off this tree, and soon there will be no roof over our heads; the flowers are all gone, or going; last night there was a frost; almost all the birds are flown away, and I am very uneasy. Something calls me, and I feel restless as if I would fly far away.'

"'Let us fly away together!'

"Then they rose silently and, lifting themselves far up in the air, they looked to the north,—far away they saw the snow coming. They looked to the south,—there they saw green leaves! All day they flew, and all night they flew and flew, till they found a land where there was no winter—where there was summer all the time; where flowers always blossom, and birds always sing.

"But the birds that stayed behind found the days shorter, the nights longer, and the weather colder. Many of them died of cold; others crept into crevices and holes, and lay torpid. Then it was plain that it was better to go than to stay!"

Rose was going on seven years old. Never did girl give less cause of anxiety. Never did girl excite more anxiety in a mother's heart than did Rose in Agate Bissell's. Why should it be? Was not Rose healthy? Was she not of fine disposition? Of good parentage, with careful training, with every advantage that wealth could procure, what possible reason had Agate for her seriousness and anxieties?

There are many people who seem to regard anxiety as a religious duty. They seem to think that no state of mind is substantial which is not ballasted with cares.

If Agate Bissell expected to pass her life in Dr. Wentworth's family, to be Mrs. Wentworth's confidential companion, and to divide with her the care of the household, and to bestow every faculty of mind, soul and body on the children,—for Rose was not a solitary flower, but only the first bud that blossomed,—why should she *not* be anxious, and inflict upon herself all that unnecessary pain that is usually deemed proper by painstaking people? Why should she not imagine evils that never will happen, and reflect with self-reproach upon things done that might have been better done? Why not be discouraged, and imagine that the doctor would certainly spoil the children? or that some nameless and unknown evil would yet spring up and devour them? What *do* angels do with unnecessary anxieties? What clouds of needless prayers are daily floated upward which never distill in rain!

But it is not just to imagine that Agate had no other reason for seriousness of mind than this vague anxiety. She was a Christian not only in disposition, but she firmly believed the Christian teachings of Dr. Buell. Until Rose was converted there were no right affections in her. She had been taught that natural excellences, amiable dispositions, in unregenerate people, have no moral excellence, and do not diminish that perpetual danger which overhangs every child of Adam until he becomes a Christian. Many hold these views, but few *believe* them. Agate was among the few that believed. What to her was the body, its health and happiness, compared with the soul? What was it to her that Rose was lovely, docile, and obedient, if in her heart, concealed yet, but sure to be disclosed, there was that fatal taint, left on all the first parents' posterity?—that latent enmity which one day would flame out against her Maker?

This it was that made Rose a perpetual burden to Agate Bissell, and that had often wet her pillow with tears and drawn out prayers without number.

"Rose, my dear child, what good can it do you to love all the world that God has made, its clouds and seasons, its forests and fields, if you do not love God who made them all?"

Rose looked Agate full in the face, but sat silently.

"You know, my child," said Agate, "that to make much of the world, and nothing of God who made it, is idolatry. Your soul cannot be saved, Rose, by the clouds, or by the mountains. If you could find your Saviour in nature——"

Agate paused, for Rose walked to her side, and placing her arms around her neck, said:

"Agate, I do love the Saviour. I think of him every day, and ask him to love me. Father says that there is nothing made that Jesus did not make."

A new anxiety now took possession of Agate. Might it not be true that this child had been blessed? If so, then she was guilty of that offending one of those little ones, against which such solemn words were pronounced. On the other hand, might not this young creature, so beautiful, so engaging, be snared and deceived? Was she not, by her father's influence, liable to substitute a diluted sentimentalism for the sober realities of a true religious experience?

Agate had often talked with Mrs. Wentworth on this subject; but she was so much in sympathy with her husband's opinions, that Agate doubted whether her judgment was clear and unbiassed.

It is not strange, then, that Agate in a manner sounded Mrs. Polly Marble on this general subject.

"Mrs. Marble, do you think that people can be converted without knowing the time?"

"Well, Agate, when the Lord delivered my soul it was just as if I had been sittin' in a dark room and somebody had opened the door right aginst the sun. Not know the time? I shall never forgit it, I guess! I know there's some folks thinks different. Them Episcopal folks say that children git good gradually. But I say that if a man don't know the times and seasons of his own heart, he likely hasn't had much religion anyhow."

"But do you suppose a work of grace can exist in the soul, and the person not know that it is grace?"

"I tell you what, Agate, if it's the Lord that converts men, I guess they'll know it, and other folks will be apt to know it too! Men are naturally like bags full of weed-seeds. The Lord first shakes 'em empty, and then fills 'em up with precious wheat. Now it stands to reason that if the Lord is shakin' a man inside out he'll know it."

"But, Mrs. Marble, may not the Lord in his Sovereignty deal gently with young people? Is not that the meaning of the Scripture, 'He shall carry the young in His arms?'"

"Agate, I always say that it's best to be on the sure side. It never does harm to find fault with your evidences, 'cause if they are real you won't hurt 'em, and if they are deceivin' you, you will be apt to find it out. People now-a-days git religion too easy. I was under conviction nigh about two months. I was awfully striven with afore I give up. Young people now seem to git along too easy, I say. They don't bear any yoke, nor carry much of a cross. I have seen folks have measles light, and scarlet-fever so easy they didn't hardly know it. But I shall never be made to believe that any body took religion so easy that they didn't know they had it."

"Don't you sometimes doubt the promises," said Agate, "when you see how children turn out that's well brought up? Some folks neglect their children, let them do pretty much as they please, and yet they grow straight up, are converted, come into the church, and do well all their lives; then again, others are taught and governed, and restrained, and watched in every particular, and yet the moment they get free they go out into the world and grow as wicked as if nothing had been done for them. I don't know—it's a mystery to me!"

"A mystery!" said Aunt Polly Marble, pushing her spectacles a little closer to her eyes, and looking through them with a doubly earnest look, "there is no mystery about it. It's all election. That does it!"

Agate seemed troubled in countenance, and said:

"I wish I knew more about that doctrine. If one only knew who was elected, we could feel easy. And if a man was not elected, there would be no need of spending much time on him. Working for men that are not among the elect, is like sewing without any thread in your needle; a good deal of work and nothing to show for it."

"It's a precious doctrine though, even if you don't understand it. *You* may not know, but the Lord does, and it doesn't become us to be too pryin'."

"Yet, I think a mother might be excused for being anxious about her own children. If anybody ever did offer a child up to God, I have that child! If she was my own flesh and blood, I could not do more for Rose!"

"Don't you think her father might do a little more to help out? He may be pious—I wouldn't judge. But he seems to me to walk in a pretty broad path, and to find a good many notions not likely to grow in the narrow way."

"He has his own views, and thinks he's right. He reads the Bible a good deal, and wants Rose to. But he's got so many things in his head that you can't find in the Bible, that I don't know what'll become of Rose. I'm afraid her soul will be snared with worldly knowledge."

"Why don't you talk with Dr. Buell? He is safe and a sound man, and likely he could tell you something about bringing up children."

"Dr. Buell is better at sermons than children," said Agate, with some decision. "That boy of his is a perfect limb. I don't know why it is, but some good folks are unlucky with their children. They take a deal of pains with them and learn them everything that's good, and the minute the children get a chance they learn themselves everything that's bad!"

This conversation did not bring to faithful Agate's heart much comfort.

Meanwhile, Rose, the subject of so much anxiety, lived in unbroken joyfulness. Hers was one of those fortunate natures that receive benefit from all and injury from none. She lived loving and happy among the various persons who surrounded her. She loved the exact and faithful Agate; she loved the mild and gentle Mother Taft; she loved the boisterous ways of shrewd Tommy Taft; she loved and somewhat feared the simple but stately manners of Dr. Buell; she loved her mother dearly, but her father above all. Yet this seemed to her scarcely like loving another. So perfectly were father and daughter in sympathy, that it hardly needed words to interpret between them. They seemed like one soul in two bodies..

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

FINE FEATHERS MAKE FINE BIRDS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"Now what are you idlin' for, when there's a day's work afore ye, Jack?" screamed the landlady of the Angler's Rest to the useful individual who was waiter, coachman, groom and gardener, in fact, everything by turns and nothing long, under the comprehensive appellation of "the help." "There's them two ladies waitin' at the depot for ye already, I reckon. Make haste, will ye, before it's high noon."

"I'm ready now, Missus," said Jack, sulkily. "It's easier to talk than work. Well, now, who am I to ask for?"

"La, if they aint both Miss Smiths!" cried the landlady. "One of 'em is the *rich* Miss Smith that is coming down to see about the great estate that has been left to her by her grand'ther; and the other is nobody in perticekeler. Only wants to board here for the summer. Mind, you're perlite to *the* Miss Smith, for she's likely to settle down here for good, and a rich lady like that can recommend custom to the Angler's Rest, and it's always well to stand high with genteelfolks. Put her trunk on first, and give her the best seat, mind ye."

"How shall I know which is which?" asked Jack, doubtfully.

"You can tell by the looks, most likely," said the landlady. "A real rich lady an't to be mistook."

And as the help drove away, Mrs. Mullen entered the house to give orders to her chambermaid.

"Only two rooms left empty," she said—"the large one on the second floor for *the* Miss Smith, Ann. The other'll have to take the corner room at the head of the stairs; and put them damask towels in the big one and the green chany t'ilette set. And mind, when *she* rings her bell you're to fly, Ann."

Ann nodded. Domestics were familiar in "those parts," much after the fashion of the damsel who figures in the "customs of the country." Ann went up stairs singing "Tramp, tramp, tramp," at the top of her voice; while Mrs. Mullen took a look about the parlor to ascertain whether everything was in order.

Everything was in order save a pile of magazines and papers spread out before a handsome young fellow who lounged idly enough upon a hard sofa under the windows, but who had even on that pleasant summer morning some excuse for idling in the wounds he had received not long before in one of the last battles of our late war, through which he had fought as bravely as many others who have never arrived at any title but that of private.

A man who, although he was "only a common soldier," and withal by birth nephew to vulgar Mrs. Mullen, of the Angler's Rest, was a gentleman. He was recruiting his strength at this pleasant mountain inn, and preparing for the future drudgery at a certain desk in a dark city counting-house, which appeared to be about the best thing ever likely to offer itself to him now, after all his wonderful dreams of glory and wealth and honor.

He had not accepted the idea quite cheerfully, but he had not said anything about his disappointment. His parents were neither of them living, and this coarse-minded aunt was not likely to be a confidant, though she was good to him in her way—so good that she said nothing now about what to her eyes was "a horrid litter" of books and papers.

"He must have suthin' to amuse him now, he can't get about much," she said, "and if he goes off before they come I can slip in and slick up."

For his part, the young man had heard the colloquy between his aunt and her servants with much amusement.

"You intend to give to her that hath, I see," he laughed, following Scripture literally, "and the Miss Smith who has everything now is to have the best seat in the wagon and the big room and the damask towels and the green ewer and basin, also. Well, it's the way of the world, Aunt Mullen."

"Hey?" said Aunt Mullen. "Law! I don't see anything funny. But I'm glad to see you in such good sperits, Arthur." And despite herself, her eyes showed such a longing to pounce upon the dusty magazines and "darken up" the cherished parlor to the deepest depth of gloom, that her nephew, taking pity upon her, prepared a short walk for himself and limped out into the garden.

There he stood, amusing himself with the gambols of a great Newfoundland dog, when Jack's wagon brought the two Misses Smith, who came from opposite quarters and were not related to each other, despite their names, to the door of the "Angler's Rest."

For once Mrs. Mullen declared to herself Jack had not merited the appellation "stupid." The best seat had been given to a lady attired in gorgeous silks and laces—a lady who wore on her finger any number of rings, who rejoiced in bracelets and a set of curls evidently expensive; who was so positively the rich Miss Smith that any doubt on the subject would have been madness. A very handsome lady too, in Mrs. Mullen's estimation.

She was not an amiable young woman, plainly, and sat with her nose in the air ignoring the presence of the slender girl in a gray travelling dress, who was of course the other Miss Smith. But then Mrs. Mullen expected "high folks" and "quality" to take airs, and thought all the better of her.

"Do alight, Miss," she cried, courtesying and bobbing toward the commanding figure which descended. "*Such* a disagreeable day to travel, Miss."

"It *is* horrid hot," said the lady, shaking out her skirts; "and my dress is creased and smashed awfully, and such disgusting roads I *never* saw. Take care of them trunks, will you?—five of 'em—and the poodle, and my parasol, and basket and veil. *Don't* let nothin' get lost. Oh dear, what a bother travellin' is!"

"To be sure, Miss. Nothin' sha'n't get hurt. We're used to luggage here. 'Tisn't used much by transients; numbers of families comes reg'lar every summer."

"Oh, the other Miss Smith aint got out yet."

The other Miss Smith had been waiting for the removal of obstructing property belonging to *the* Miss Smith, and stood beside the landlady as soon as they were lifted down.

She was a fair girl, with none of her predecessor's glowing color—quite plain, Mrs. Mullen thought; and when, in answer to that lady's inquiry about her luggage, she replied: "I have only this small portmanteau and a carpet-bag," there was no more doubt that she was "nobody"—some governess come down for vacation, or a dress maker, or something, thought Mrs. Mullen.

"Ann, take this young lady to her room," she said; and herself bobbed and courtesied and cringed *the* Miss Smith to the "big room," where the pet furniture, the damask towelling, and the "green chany set" awaited her.

But Arthur Hall, looking on, a mere, unprejudiced bystander, returned another verdict on the two ladies.

The rich Miss Smith was a full-blown, not ill-looking woman—but both vulgar and ill-tempered, and the other Miss Smith, apparently a poor girl, was a lady, and a beautiful lady, too, thought Arthur, with such a face as I should like to see on the other side of my fireside when I have one; though it is not likely that a woman with such a face will take a notion to me *now*.

And then, with thoughts which would have made a girl cry, he set the dog into a fit of temporary insanity by attacks with his cane, and to any beholder would have seemed to enjoy the frolic hugely.

That day at dinner he was introduced to the two Misses Smith, and heard with his own ears the full-blown damsel declare that she should stay at the "Angler's Rest" until "all was settled;" and the timid girl, who was somewhat rudely cross-questioned by her hostess, admit that she had taught music and that she was an orphan.

From that day and hour Arthur Hall became the knight and champion of this neglected guest of his aunt's hotel.

The Miss Smith was fawned upon by every mortal there. The "regular families" were amply able to take care of themselves. But little Rose Smith was evidently not accustomed to a public table, and would have been but poorly served but for this Quixotic Arthur. While more prudent young men paid court to the "heiress," for Mrs. Mullen had published the fact that she was one extensively, he treated her very coolly. Her insolence, her loud, coarse laughter, above all her impertinence to the gentle little creature whom he so admired, disgusted the young soldier, and redoubled his devotion to the "music-teacher," as Mrs. Mullen called her. And in this devotion he quite forgot himself, and had no idea that he was making an impression or falling in love.

Naturally both ladies were very busy. The Miss Smith went daily to the Smith Mansion, as was natural. The other, at an earlier hour, went somewhere.

"To hunt pupils, maybe," said the landlady.

But the incomings and outgoings of the heiress, who rejoiced in the name of Georgina Arabella, were remarked with more interest than those of Rose, for whom pudding was not kept hot, and for whom tea was never delayed.

And so the weeks wore on, and a new phase of the character of Georgina Arabella displayed itself. Partly because the lady was envious of Rose's beauty, partly because she could not see any envy of her own gorgeous attire in those soft, sweet eyes, Georgina Arabella began to display a talent for sarcasm, and, without provocation, made the little woman who was the object of Arthur Hall's adoration the subject of sundry not over brilliant sneers and jests. Moreover, she hinted to Mrs. Mullen her opinion that "governesses and them kind were commonish," and burst into hysterical laughter, which she affected to hide when Rose made any remark in her presence.

Rose had flushed scarlet two or three times, but had never otherwise noticed the insolence. But Arthur's blood boiled, and he had more than once astonished Georgina Arabella.

"Quite insulted her," Mrs. Mullen declared, and had lectured Arthur on the subject.

"It's plain to be seen, Arthur," she declared, in a private conversation in her store-room, whither she had beckoned her nephew, "that you think that little pale-faced critter a wonder. If you do admire folks at all, why can't you think of your own interests. Such a handsome rich gal straight before you, and you a'most insult her."

"Let her keep her confounded impertinence to herself then," said Arthur. "What right has she to insult your other patrons; and as for handsome——"

"Oh, she is civil to the Browns and the Hollys and them," said Mrs. Mullen; "and as for this little governess, or music teacher, or what, 'tisn't likely she'll be down again another summer, and you're foolish to be taken with the shy piece."

But there she stopped, for Arthur gave her a look of indignation; and despite his ill-luck in life, and his fondness for books, and other mysterious failings, he was Mrs. Mullen's pet and favorite.

She let him alone a little severely, however, for he had offended her, and he went out to walk up and down the green lane in the pleasant morning, and by chance to meet little Rose Smith in her gray travelling suit, with her hat shading such a delicious maze of pale gold hair as cannot often be found out of a picture, and there, under a mighty chestnut, to sit down beside her.

He had had no intentions of any kind when he came out. He had acted on the impulse of the moment when he sat down, and in another impulse, born of the smile she gave him, he spoke at last.

"I am going to leave this place in a week's time," he said. "I am well now, and as strong, perhaps, as I shall ever be, and I ought not to waste my time here, with a decent opening awaiting me in New York. But I have been so happy here of late I dread to go."

"It is a pleasant place," she said, not looking at him.

"That is not it," said Arthur. "Neither the place, nor the Browns, nor the Hollys, nor Miss Georgina Arabella make it pleasant for me. If you were not here I should not care to stay a day, and you would make a desert Heaven to me."

He bent over her. She was not angry, only still and shy, and rosy with rising blushes.

"I love you very fondly, Miss Rose," he said. "I fancy you must know that already. Can you like me enough to be my wife? I have so little to offer but a heart all yours, and a man's will to make life happy for you, but I have those. Are they worthless to you?"

And then he had her little, soft, pink-tipped fingers in his own, and in a moment more had kissed her cheek.

"It is yes, Rose?" he asked.

And she said, "Yes."

And the two sat together a long while in the green lane under the chestnut, and were greeted by a very audible sneering laugh from the window from which Miss Georgina Arabella Smith sat staring as they went home.

But this was not all. Mrs. Mullen discovered the truth directly, and her rage was very great. She had never feared anything but a flirtation, but now an actual engagement was before her. Arthur, who was her pet, who was some day to have "all she left," had thrown himself away on a girl without a penny to bless herself.

It was more than Mrs. Mullen could bear, and her first step was to fly with a blazing face to Miss Smith's room to desire her to vacate that spare corner at once and forever.

And having gone thus far, she could not restrain herself, but burst into angry reproaches and denunciations on the spot.

"I'm sorry I ever took you to board," she said,—"a designin' critter from dear knows where. You've paid, I admit; but it don't look well for a gal to travel 'round arter a husband *so*—settin' her cap in that bold way. As for my nephew, *he* may be took in, but I warn you that if he don't break this off, I'll not leave him one cent. Who knows who you are? *I* don't. Miss Smith, the heiress, has been agin you're bein' here for a long while."

The lady addressed did not appear much affected by this address, but replied, calmly, that she was about to mention to Mrs. Mullen that she intended to take her leave on the morrow; and that she desired her bill, if Mrs. Mullen pleased.

Which document Mrs. Mullen flung upon the table unceremoniously.

"I'd rather you went to-night," she said. "Conspirin' critters ain't to my taste, Miss."

Miss Rose Smith smiled.

"I can order the carriage if you will send a boy for it at once," she said. "Every thing is in order, I believe?' I am not sure that the drawing-room is arranged, but my own apartment is, I believe. I——"

"Hey!" cried Mrs. Mullen, "your carriage—your—I don't understand you—I——"

The lady smiled again.

"Mine is such a very common name!" she said. "Perhaps you do not know that I am the heiress of the estate which has been but lately left by my uncle, John Smith, entirely to myself, and that the fact accounts for my presence here?"

Mrs. Mullen sunk into a chair.

"*You!*" she said. "As if I could believe such a—Oh, dear!—What on earth do you mean? You said you was a music-teacher!"

"I taught music once," said Rose. "I have been dependent on my own exertions."

"I don't believe you yet," said Mrs. Mullen.—"The other Miss Smith?"

"Is waiting the arrival of the lady of the white house yonder," said Miss Rose. "An aunt of mine had chosen her for my future lady's maid, and she scarcely fancies that she has already met me. The mistake was yours at first, but I, for certain reasons that I had, begged my solicitor not to betray me; and she, I believe, has taken advantage of the effect produced by her arrival to ensnare the affections of one of your boarders, young Mr. Holly."

Mrs. Mullen heard as in a dream. She sat silent awhile; then she said, dolefully:

"Why *did* you come without no baggage? and why didn't you take airs? I suppose you was only laughing at poor Arthur, after all?"

But, on that point, Miss Rose did not choose to answer Mrs. Mullen.

Afterwards, when all the little world of the hotel knew the truth, and the lady's maid, exposed and mortified, had gone with her fine trunks back to New York, threatening the indignant Holly family with the vengeance of the law, in a breach-of-promise case in which their heir should be defendant and she plaintiff, Rose gave her answer to Arthur Hall.

"I kept my secret that I might be sure of one true heart!" she said. "I dreaded being wooed and won for my wealth; and, when I knew you loved me, I resolved that it should be the poor Miss Smith who heard your vows, and not the rich one!"

And [illegible] her eyes told him so much more, that he never [illegible] to speak when he first learnt that she was an heiress and had fancied it his duty to free her from her promise. And, before the next bright summer came, the two were married!

And a happier match, Mrs. Mullen often said, she never knew.

And although, to her belief, her nephew's wife never would take airs enough for such a rich person, she was very good-natured and always very civil when they met.

* * *

EARLY RISING.

Every circumstance contributes to render early rising advisable to those who are in the enjoyment of health. There is no time equal in beauty and freshness to the morning, when nature has just parted with the gloomy mantle which night had flung over her, and stands before us like a young bride, from whose aspect the veil which covered her loveliness has been withdrawn. The whole material world has a vivifying appearance. The husbandman is up at his labor, the forest leaves sparkle with drops of crystal dew, the flowers raise their rejoicing heads toward the sun, the birds pour forth their anthems of gladness; and the wide face of creation itself seems as if awakened and refreshed by a mighty slumber. All these things, however, are hid from the eyes of the sluggard; nature in her most glorious aspect is to him a sealed book; and while every scene around him is full of beauty, interest, and animation, he alone is passionless and uninspired. Behold him stretched upon his couch of rest! In vain does the cock proclaim that the reign of day has commenced! In vain does the morning light stream fiercely in by the chinks of his window, as if to startle him from his repose! He hears not, he sees not, for blindness and deafness rule over him with desperate sway, and lay a deadening spell upon his faculties. And when at length he does awake, far on in the day, from the torpor of this benumbing sleep, he is not refreshed. He does not start at once into new life—an altered man, with joy in his mind and vigor in his frame. On the contrary, he is dull, languid and stupid, as if half recovered from a paroxysm of drunkenness. He yawns, stretches himself, and stalks into the breakfast-parlor, to partake in solitude and without appetite, of his unrefreshing meal—while his eyes are red, his beard unshorn, and his clothes disorderly and ill put on. Uncleanliness and sluggishness generally go hand in hand; for the obtuseness of mind which disposes a man to waste the most precious hours of his existence in debasing sleep, will naturally make him neglect his person.

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A FEELING SPEECH IN HARD TIMES.

During the "panic" in the money market some years ago, a meeting of merchants was held in the Exchange, to devise ways and means to extricate themselves from their pecuniary difficulties. The great hall was crowded, addresses were made, resolutions passed, committees appointed, and every thing done that is usual and necessary. After all this, one of the company moved that the meeting stand adjourned until some future day,—when up jumped a little jobber, in a great state of excitement, and requested the merchants to linger a moment, as he had something of the greatest importance to communicate. The jobber was known to be a very diffident person; and, as he had never ventured on the responsibilities of a speech on any former public occasion, all were anxious to hear what he had to say. "Gentlemen," said he, with evident emotion and in the most emphatic, feeling, and eloquent manner, "what's the use of talking of some *future* day? We want relief, I tell you!—*immediate* relief!" and down he sat, amidst a universal roar of laughter. *The next day he failed!*

* * *

THE DECAY OF NATURE.—How dreadful, that the fairest of created things bear, in their very loveliness, the seal and sign of their decay!

THE DIVORCE.

BY MRS. G. H. HORR.

I.
Mamma, it is time that I had a divorce!
But I know you'll not listen to me—no, of course;
Papa has that horrible old English notion
Of woman's submission and utter devotion!

II.
You say Edward's not such a *very* bad man,
And if I do not love him, perhaps some one else can;
His virtues you have not been wont to enhance:—
For some better love, I will give him a chance.

III.
You know his indifference towards me of late,
And you know how I've had for the new styles to wait;
And how his cigar ends are lying around,
And how, when he's wanted, he's not to be found!

IV.
And oceans of tears in my eyelids oft rise,
Though I press them all back for the sake of my eyes.
Such coldness and cruelty how can I bear?
I'll fly from his presence—I do not care where

V.
There's little Kate Lacy, my school-mate, you know—
She has got—why, I think, a fourth husband, or so!
While I—I bear everything just from this one.
I think it is time this connection was done.

VI.
Unprincipled, ah!—and her manners too free!
Yes; papa says she's no fit companion for me;
You know well enough how he lays down the rule—
He always has leaned to the old-fashioned school.

VII.
She married her first when the hoops were first worn;
What a sweet bride she made—I remember the morn.
The trouble between them was not plain to me;
From some cause or other Kate left him, you see.

VIII.
The next one she took when the Zouaves came in
Little jackets so jaunty, with white vests within;
Their tempers, it seems, never would harmonize,
And so—he just left her, one summer sunrise!

IX.
The third she espoused when the waterfalls came.
And I never could see that the girl was to blame;
For he and her father they quarreled for gold,
And husband and wife thus were parted, I'm told.

X.
A fourth love she found, and to him she was married
At the same nick of time when hair-coils were first carried.
He took her to live with his father and mother—
And that, you know, always produces a bother!

XI.
He bought for her then such a sweet little cot,
And she told me to-day she's content with her lot,
I think she will live with this man quite a while—
Her face was lit up with her happiest smile.

* * * * * *

XII.
Oh, mother, look there—just over the way!
There's Edward, my husband!—now, what can you say!
He talks to that strange-looking woman—just see:
Is this the respect that he owes unto me!

XIII.
Oh, mother, his arm now encircles her round!
And his voice is so sweet in its musical sound!
Will you also go and forsake your poor child?
It seems at this sight that my brain will grow wild!

* * * * * *

XIV.
Who's this? It is Edward. But whom did you meet?
Who's that fair-looking woman there—out in the street?
You say that her child, her one baby, is dead!
You carried the news to the mother, you said?

XV.
O, Edward, forgive me!—and now let me go—
I will sit with the mother so humbled and low.
The tears in your eyes!—and I once doubted you,
Whose heart has been ever so gentle and true!

XVI.
Now, mother, a word more to you I must say:—
Utter nothing of all my wild chattering to-day;
And what I say now goes no further, of course:
Papa perhaps is right on such [illegible] divorce.

ROSALIE MEADOWS.

A COQUETTE CAUGHT IN HER OWN TOILS.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

That Rosalie Meadows was the belle and beauty of Meadowville no one was insane enough to attempt to deny; and that Rosalie Meadows was a charming, heartless coquette—the feminine portion, at least, of Meadowville was only too glad to admit. Indeed, it was the dear delight of certain old ladies—chiefly antique maidens—in Rosalie's native town, to meet together once a week at the Dorcas Society, and industriously canvass the sayings and doings of that young lady during the week which had passed since the last Dorcas meeting. By the close of each evening, Rosalie was so much picked to pieces that, had she been a garment or anything in that way, it would have required a whole Dorcas meeting to have pieced her together again.

Painful to state, Rosalie was not altogether innocent of the many hard things which were said of her. The bitter words of young maidens like herself, and the ominous shakings of ancient heads were not all the result of envy and jealousy and old maidenish spleen. Rosalie gave very strong evidence of being heartless. Besides the facts of her being very pretty, very charming, and in every way the favorite of fortune—none of which things could really have been charged against her as faults—she had a truly aggravating way of using all her fascinations to win away the lovers of her companions and friends; and then, when she had won them, of coolly laughing at them—saucily telling them she had never been serious in a thought regarding them, and contemptuously advising them to return to the old loves. A few accepted this advice, were forgiven, and re-instated in the affections of their sweethearts, whom they loved more, and heartily joined with in railing against Rosalie's coquetting; a few more attempted to put her advice in force, but were indignantly dismissed by their neglected lady-loves—as they richly deserved—and very generally laughed at by the community at large; but still a greater number upbraided the false coquette with burning and even insulting words, and left her with curses on the hour they had first seen her. Strange to say, though Rosalie was quite a proud girl,—not without sensibility too, and, at times, even tender-hearted,—the despair she caused never cost her a tear; nor did the indignant reproaches often poured forth upon her once enkindle her spirit to anger; she even enjoyed passionate transports of rage against her as the strongest proof of her power over the victims. But this is a state of mind and feeling peculiar to the true coquette; it is absolutely impossible for any woman to be a thorough flirt whose heart is susceptible to the higher emotions and liable to become at any time a prey to pity and remorse. Rosalie had pretty well exhausted the flirting resources of Meadowville. There was not a young man of any pretensions to good looks, good manners, or any single attraction whatever, whom she had not reviewed with a critical eye, and openly flirted with, if she considered him worth the while. And now, Meadowville being exhausted, Rosalie began to sigh for fresh fields and pastures new. She took it into her pretty little head, one day, to tease her father to take her to Boston to spend a winter. Mr. Meadows was a rich man and a widower; Rosalie was his only child and the light of his eyes. He had never refused her anything since the day he buried his pretty young wife; and so Miss Meadows went to Boston.

There she met a very different class of young men to those she had been accustomed in Meadowville; and she found herself quite as much admired as in her native town; for youth, and beauty, and a hundred thousand dollars are quite as charming in Boston, or any other great city, as in the provinces. Rosalie, notwithstanding her many former triumphs, was almost intoxicated by the more elegant homage of the city; and it is impossible to conjecture what might have been the end of all this gayety, and flirting, and shopping, and dancing, and so forth and so forth, if our young coquette had not awoke one morning to the amazing discovery that she possessed a heart—a heart which, at the remembrance of one voice throbbed, and beat, and burned, and sent the rushing color in waves of crimson to her face to tell her that she was in love.

Among the half hundred young men whom Rosalie had met since she left Meadowville was an artist,—handsome, talented, and petted by all the lovers of distinguished people in Boston. Howard Vining was quite different from any one whom Rosalie had ever known, either in her native town or among the more fashionable people she had met in the great city; for one thing, he did not seem at all overcome by her many graces and fascinations, and rather neglected her even when she was most beautiful; and, as always happens in such cases, Rosalie was mightily piqued by this remarkable course of conduct on the part of the young artist. But that could not blind her to the fact that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen, and possessed of a voice that was very music to her ears. He sang, too, and sang well—with power and sweetness, and expression; and his singing charmed the heart as well as the ear of Rosalie Meadows, till at last she was thunder-struck when she realized that she loved—actually loved Vining; and hardly dared to hope that he returned the feeling.

Rosalie would have marked out a certain course to pursue in this emergency if she could have decided what to do; but she could not, for, all unexpectedly, she found herself not the attacking party; and she felt that all her efforts were necessary to defend her from becoming more in the enemy's power. Accordingly, she became reserved and timid, with just sufficient gentle confusion when in Vining's presence to render her attractive and interesting. Vining, considerably spoiled by over-much flattery and petting, took very little notice of Rosalie while she had been only one of the rich and pretty and well-dressed young ladies whom he was accustomed to meet; but when she took to blushing and faltering under his gaze, and sometimes gave a quick, little nervous start if he chanced to address her suddenly, he observed her more attentively. He found that she was unusually pretty, and that, too, in a way that suited his artist eye; she was petite and graceful, and quite a model as to form and elegance. Her features were small and delicate; her mouth was like a little bow of ruby velvet; her complexion all pearl and peach-bloom, and her large, gray eyes of a dozen different shades in as many minutes. And then such a wealth of fair, brown, floss-like hair, neither smooth nor curling, but floating about in soft, wavy masses, as was of itself sufficient to win the heart of any lover of beauty. Vining sketched the pretty face, framed in its wonderful hair, a half-dozen times; and then he begged Rosalie to sit to him for a full length picture. She consented, and she triumphed, too, in having won such a tribute of his admiration; for she could not learn that he had ever yet paid any other woman a similar compliment. She began to indulge hopes; and something of her original saucy coquetry returned; but Vining was already interested, and her little airs and graces only made her more charming to him.

"I have won him!" thought Rosalie; and she had never yet known such triumph as she experienced in this conquest, but she felt no desire to throw aside the heart which had cost her so many doubts and fears and hopes. She acknowledged to herself that she loved at last; and when, as sometimes happened, some caprice on the part of Vining would set her wondering whether he really loved her, she for the first time felt occasional twinges of conscience for the pain she had caused others. This was to her the very strongest proof of the wonderful change which had come upon her; and she thought with dread and dismay of what her future would be, if it, indeed, should happen that he whom she loved was only trifling with her as she had trifled with so many. Indeed it was some time before Vining could make up his mind what he should do; that Rosalie was a coquette he perceived even while he allowed himself to become each day more fascinated with her, but that she really loved him he felt assured from the first. The full-length portrait was nearly finished, and the season was drawing to a close. Mr. Meadows had already told Rosalie that the day was fixed upon for their return to Meadowville. Vining at last decided to hazard an avowal of his love; and Rosalie did not receive his declaration with the customary scornful triumph. She listened with glowing and averted face; and the voice that softly murmured, "Yes, I love you, Howard," was almost inaudible; but he heard it, for when did any lover fail to understand the voice that said: "I love you!" though it were fainter than the sighing of dying zephyrs?

And so Rosalie Meadows was betrothed, and a pretty talk that circumstance occasioned when it became known in Meadowville. The prevailing feeling, however, was one of unalloyed pleasure; for now the dangerous and beautiful little creature who had wrought such terror to the hearts both of mammas and daughters, was fast tied up, and could do no further harm.

For a time after Rosalie's return to Meadowville, she was very subdued; gave up her whole existence, apparently, to reading and answering her lover's letters, and seemed to have become actually blind to the existence of eligible partners to a flirtation. Howard Vining took advantage of the first warm weather to visit Meadowville, ostensibly on a sketching tour, really to enjoy the society of his fair lady love, with whom he might be seen constantly rambling about in all the pretty walks about the place, or riding horseback in a jaunty suit which drove Rosalie's former suitors, rejected and otherwise, to despair. That he was very handsome, every girl in Meadowville acknowledged after a single minute's observation; while the male portion, especially those who had admired Rosalie, vied with each other in bestowing the epithets of "vain, stuck-up popinjay—conceited city swell, and foppish painter," upon the more fortunate object of fortune's and Rosalie's smiles.

The devotion of the lovers became quite a proverb; and kind friends sneeringly congratulated Miss Meadows on having chosen a lover who would not permit her to look, think, or even breathe, except as he approved.

Rosalie's vanity, quick to take fire, was instantly in a flame at these words.

"O, they think I fear him!" she exclaimed; "perhaps, who knows, they fancy I dare not flirt lest I might lose him. They shall see."

Summer was coming on apace; and one very bright and warm day a pic-nic was arranged for the following day, in case the weather should prove propitious.

The weather was obliging, and the sun smiled his warmest and brightest; the spot selected for pic-nicking was some three or four miles outside of Meadowville,—the picturesque ruins of a tumble-down old house which had served as the retreat of loyalists during the Revolution. Vining had not formally asked Rosalie to go with him, regarding it as a matter of course that she would do so. Accordingly, at the appointed hour in the morning, he drove up to the door in a dainty little pony carriage which he had ordered from Boston for her special use. To his astonishment he found her dressed in her most becoming riding-habit—blue, with a little jockey hat to match, that set off her blonde beauty to the utmost advantage. Several young ladies and gentlemen surrounded her, admiring her habit, and paying compliments to her beautiful horse, and every one dying with curiosity to see how she was going to act with regard to Vining and his pony-carriage.

"Why, Rosie, do you prefer to ride?" exclaimed Vining. "Now it will waste time for me to go and get my horse—why couldn't you have sent me word what you wanted to do? Loop up your habit, and get into the carriage, won't you?"

"I'm going to ride, thank you," said Rosalie, carelessly drawing on her glove, and giving it to a gentleman beside her to button.

"Now be reasonable, Rosie—don't you see how long it will take me to make a change?" returned Vining, impatiently.

"But there's no occasion to make any change, Mr. Vining; I have promised to accompany Mr. Newton,—and here he comes. You are a minute and a half late, Frank." And she shook her little riding-whip at the new-comer, a handsome young man who sat his horse with singular ease and grace, and looked altogether a very formidable rival even for Howard Vining.

"A thousand pardons, Miss Rosalie," he said. "You have done me too much honor to wait for me."

"I couldn't help myself, or I wouldn't," was the reply, with all the speaker's arch coquetry, as she looked roguishly into the face that was now close beside her; she accepted his offered hand and sprang lightly into the saddle. The next moment the pair gallopped off together, heading the party of pic-nickers, who, after some little difficulty, were all arranged in various carriages.

Howard Vining had borne this extraordinary freak on the part of his betrothed with admirable coolness. At the first a very faint flush mounted to his brow when Rosalie announced her intention of accepting another escort than his own; but on the instant he nodded his head with easy nonchalence, saluted Frank Newton when he arrived, and, turning away, took no further notice of Rosalie or her companion.

Presently he said, perceiving there was some difficulty in disposing of all parties:

"Cannot I offer any person a place in my carriage,—here is room enough going to waste."

"How stupid of us not to have thought of that," exclaimed some one. "Here is Miss Allan, Mr. Vining—everybody is disposed of but this very charming young lady."

Vining sprang from the carriage at once and assisted Miss Allan to enter it. He busied himself for several minutes in making her comfortable, and there were many other fair maidens who blamed themselves for their haste in selecting places in the other carriages, and their blindness in not perceiving that Vining's was vacant.

Meantime Howard and his companion, who had met many times before, were conversing like old friends. Christine Allan was a very handsome, brilliant girl; and by many thought more beautiful than Rosalie; but she had never been looked upon as a rival for the fair coquette and positively abhorred the art of flirtation. She was somewhat haughty, did not look upon the male of her species as a superior being; and was, indeed, just a trifle disposed to regard him with contempt. Ill-natured people might have called her "strong-minded,"—and in the sense of not being weak-minded she certainly would have deserved the reproach; but Christine had no enemies in Meadowville; and consequently no one ever bestowed the obnoxious epithet upon her. She was not strong-minded; she was only young and quite inexperienced; and when it is remembered that her opinion of mankind was founded upon those specimens of the race which came under her observation in Meadowville, and which had, one and all, united in bowing down before Rosalie Meadows, her small regard for them is not so very much to be wondered at.

Vining found Christine a very charming companion; and could Rosalie have known how very little he missed her pretty, winning little ways, but somewhat shallow conversation, while listening to the brilliant and witty remarks of Christine, she would have considered deeply before abandoning her lover to the dangers of such another tête-a-tête.

But Rosalie was quite unconscious that she was hazarding her position in Vining's heart; she never dreamed that he would retaliate by devoting himself to another, but she was sufficiently provoked by the cool manner in which he received her own capricious behavior. Her chagrin was greatly increased when Vining arrived in company with Christine, and apparently unconscious of the existence of anybody else; and it required all her tact to conceal her discomfiture. She did conceal it, however; and kept up one of the most brilliant flirtations she had ever been engaged in with Mr. Frank Newton. But in all her life she had never been so utterly miserable; for Vining continued most provokingly indifferent to the most flattering encouragement which she chose to bestow on Newton; and even persisted in ignoring all her little arts to win himself again to her side.

As for Christine, she was at first amused and at last interested by this curious study. She had not been disposed to admire Vining at the beginning; in her eyes he was only another of the many admirers of Rosalie Meadows, and therefore could not amount to much of anything. But his manner of resenting Rosalie's disposition to trifle with her engagement to him quite won her respect, and forced her to acknowledge that men were not all the shallow, silly fools she had unjustly thought them. The spirit of mischief entered into her, too, and her feminine instinct for power was a little touched by the evident impression she had made on Vining. She seconded all his designs for punishing Rosalie most ably, and earned for herself a few ill-natured remarks to the effect "that she was no more disinclined to a flirtation than Rosalie herself, when she could find any one to flirt with her." Many discreet and single-minded damsels who had suffered at the expense of Miss Meadows now took this occasion of condoling with her on the shameful manner in which Mr. Vining was conducting himself, and nearly drove our pretty little coquette frantic with these additional doses of wormwood in her cup of bitterness. But she kept up a brave show of indifference, while she devoutly prayed for the close of this the most painful day she had ever experienced.

"He must come back to me," she thought; "and if he loves me still I will never, never try him like this again."

But Vining showed no disposition to go back to his former love—not even when she announced her intention of being driven home when the pic-nic broke up, because she was too tired to ride. Christine drove back with Howard Vining; and Rosalie, furious with jealousy and anger, haughtily refused all other offers to drive her home, and again galloped off with Frank Newton, leading the party on its return to Meadowville.

Vining did not call on his betrothed that evening; and she spent the weary hours in her own room, anxiously awaiting the expected summons to meet him in the parlor, when she resolved she would apologize for her unpardonable behavior, and be re-instated in his favor again at any cost. But ten o'clock came, and no Vining; and Rosalie expiated her error of the day in a night of miserable tears and wounded vanity and self-upbraidings. Vining did not come the next day; and Rosalie learned—of course—that he had called on Christine, and had spent a most charming evening. The next day passed in like manner, and a rumor reached her that Christine had consented to forego her prejudice against riding so far as to promise her company to Mr. Vining on the following day. Rosalie could hear no more. She dispatched a meek little note to her lover, tenderly upbraiding him for his neglect, and telling him she had been ill ever since he saw her last.

Vining was melted, and kissed the little perfumed note a dozen times.

"The dear little thing!" he murmured. "But I hate a coquette; and nothing on earth would tempt me to become the husband of a heartless flirt."

Within an hour Vining was with Rosalie, and a very few minutes sufficed to restore harmony between them.

"It isn't true that you are going to take Christine Allan horse-back riding to-morrow, Howard?" asked Rosalie, when Vining rose to leave her.

"Yes, it is true, Rosie—because I have made an engagement to do so."

"And you intend to keep it?" asked Rosalie, with an ominous flash of her gray eyes.

"My child, I always keep an engagement—unless the other party should choose to break it."

"Then, I suppose you can have no objection to my going to ride with Frank Newton?" asked Rosalie, haughtily.

"No—under the circumstances, as your own wilfulness has been the cause of my not being able to accompany you myself."

"Thank you!" said Rosalie, mockingly; "you are too kind, sir; but I shall not accept of your generous permission. I shall not be of the riding party at all."

"Well, that would, perhaps, be best," said Vining, in a tone of calm reflection. "I think I should prefer it so, Rosa," and then he clasped the little hand close, kissed her lightly on the brow, and was gone.

"How easily he takes it all," thought Rosalie, bitterly; and tears of mortification came into her eyes. "I don't believe he hardly loves me after all, and I just adore him. O me! I am punished enough for all my cruelty to others."

Rosalie wept a little; and thoughts that were far from soothing kept chasing themselves through her tormented little mind.

"Does he love Christine?" she asked herself again and again; and then with a fierce twinge of jealousy, she answered the thought:

"Yes, he does love her; and that so well, that he cannot disguise it. No wonder he prays that I should not be of the party; but I shall go,—I shall!"

She hastily wrote a line to Frank Newton accepting his invitation for the riding party, and when the answer came telling her at what hour he would call for her, she tore it into atoms, and tormented herself with a thousand conjectures as to what Vining might think of this change in her determination.

Vining did not seem to oppose it; she saw that at a glance, when she met him the next day, and she was glad this time to have annoyed him.

"What cool impudence!" she thought, as she saw him bend over his horse in lowly attention to every word spoken by Christine; "he keeps up the most insulting show of devotion to that brazen girl, and has the assurance to frown because I accept from another the escort he should have offered himself."

Accordingly, Rosalie was on her mettle again; and the flirtation between herself and Newton was renewed with redoubled vigor.

Vining said nothing—only increased his devout attention to Christine.

The day ended as the pic-nic had ended for Rosalie; but this time she would not humble herself to send for her lover.

"No," she said. "He loves Christine Allan—I will not stoop to win him back. Let him go, if my heart breaks."

But Rosalie was far less brave than her words. Accident brought about a reconciliation between herself and Vining; and while she blessed the fortunate circumstance, she resorted to every artifice of beauty, fascination, and love to rivet anew her chains about her lover. But to her horror she found that she had lost all her old power over him. He paid her every attention that courtesy and their relation to each could demand, but the cool indifference of his manner stung her to the soul. She resorted to flirtation again to awaken his former love; but from the beginning that had been a failure, and each successive attempt only proved how utterly unavailing it was in this case.

"I will release him!" said Rosalie, at last, in despair. "I will know the worst, then; and nothing can be worse than this torture."

She wrote a formal note, begging an interview; and when Vining came, as he did, in answer to the note, his betrothed formally released him from all his vows to her.

Vining received her words with perfect composure, and made no other answer than a prompt, respectful inclination of the head. His manner enabled Rosalie to maintain her dignity.

"You are free," she said, in conclusion; "and you have my sincere wishes for your happiness."

"I have only to beg that you will always remember that this was your own act, Miss Meadows," said Vining.

"But your own earnest wish," she answered, with a bitterness she could not conceal.

"I will not be so ungracious as to contradict you," he answered; and left her with a slight bow and a careless adieu.

Rosalie fell right down where he left her; and though she did not faint, she lay there in a heap upon the floor, for what seemed to her as months or years, when she thought of it afterwards. At last she arose and crawled away, with drooping head, like some wounded animal, to hide herself in the solitude of her own room.

The gossips of Meadowville exulted finely when the news of Rosalie's defeat became noised abroad; but no one, not even her own father, ever dared to speak to her on the subject. She came forth from her room the next day a changed girl—a girl, indeed, no more—but a woman with a pale face, that always remained at the same time young and old, fair and smooth to the last, but aged under the hand of a grief that never lightened. Vining married Christine Allan; and carried his handsome and brilliant wife back to Boston with him. But Rosalie Meadows never married. She joined the church, and was called a most devout member; she spent her money on charities, and her time among the poor and wretched; and she wore black from the time of her parting with Howard Vining till the hour of her death.

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THE COUNTRY.—The country begins to be delightful—like one beloved, it is all smiles, beauty, and good humor: the blossoms are its smiles—the many-tinted green its never-wearying beauty—and the bland breath of summer imparts to it, and reveals its own felicity. The spirit of enjoyment is abroad—we hear its music in the wood, and the murmuring rivulet; its whisperings among the young leaves and the aspiring grass! The whip-poor-will echoes it in his evening lay, and the many songs of the morning proclaim how full of happiness is nature!

WIT AND HUMOR.

AN "UNSUSPICIOUS NATURE."—During the cross-examination of a false witness at the Tombs the other day, the District Attorney asked him where his father was, to which the witness, with a melancholy air, responded: "Dead, sir; dropt off very suddenly, sir." "How came he to drop off suddenly?" was the next question. "Foul play, sir; the sheriff imposed on his unsuspicious nature, sir, and getting him to go up on a platform to take a look at a select audience, suddenly knocked a trap-door out from under him, sir."

THE celebrated Jeremiah Mason was counsel for Rev. Mr. Avery when arraigned for the alleged murder of a Miss Cornell, in Rhode Island, several years ago. In the course of the very long trial, Mr. Mason was waited upon at his lodgings, somewhat early one morning, by two of the ministerial brothers, friends of the accused, who, with great earnestness, informed Mr. Mason that they had had a vision of angels, who said brother Avery was entirely innocent. "Let them be summoned into court forthwith," said Mr. Mason.

SLOW BUT SURE RETRIBUTION.—A Pennsylvania paper says: "James W. Campbell, sheriff of Jefferson county, Va., and the man who hung John Brown, died at Charlestown, West Virginia, recently," and adds, "thus does retribution surely, if slowly, overtake the wrong-doer." This reminds us of the apprentice who said: "When I was first bound out, my master treated me so that I wished he was dead, *and I stuck to the wish for forty years and fetched him at last!*"

A NEWLY arrived boarder at a fashionable boarding-house thought he had not sufficient bolstering for his head, and accordingly carried the pillows down to the landlady's room, who inquired what he desired. The gentleman wanted to know what the articles were which he held in his hands. "Pillows, you impudent fellow!" screamed the enraged woman. "Oh! I thought they were pin cushions!" replied the disconsolate boarder.

"I tell you what, Pomp, dat Massy Thad. Stevens is a big fish." "Go 'long wid you'self, you unreverent contraband, for speaking thus ob de friend ob your race as a *fish*." "Why, you fool, all members ob Congress are more like fishes dan any oder living creachahs." "How so?" "Why, bekase dey is fond ob *de bait!*" (debate).

A YOUNG fellow, not quite so wise as Solomon, eating some Orange county cheese full of mites, one night at a restaurant, said: "Now have I done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and my ten thousands." "Yes," answered one of the company, "and with the same weapon too—the jawbone of an ass!"

A SCHOOL-MISTRESS, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's *your* father's name?" "O, you needn't take down *his* name; he's too old to go to school to a *woman*," was the innocent reply.

A NEW GRAB AT THE PEOPLE'S MONEY.—The audacity of our city plunderers knows no limits. In spite of all law and decency it has been determined that every one who crosses the iron bridge over Broadway at the head of Fulton street shall pay a toll of *two cents—the ascent* and the *descent*.

THE new style of paper bonnet, which is beautiful, but certain to be spoiled by the least rain, is said to be a sure preventive to its owner against the catching of cold, *because no lady will venture out with one in damp or threatening weather.*

A MAHOMETAN JOKE.—Turkey being bankrupt, and having imposed taxes on every other imaginable thing, has at length resorted to a tax on babies, because they are "exempt from military service, and are articles of merchandise."

PROOF OF A GREAT MIND.—It is said that Dr. Emmons, being once asked what he considered a proof of a great mind, replied that it was *the power to look at the point of a cambric needle six minutes without winking.*

A "MIXED" QUESTION OF LAW AND MORALS.—As cider is intoxicating, when properly made, is not a cider-mill which is honestly worked an immoral machine? And if so, ought it not to be sup-*pressed?*"

A LAWYER being on the point of death, made his will, leaving all his estate for the benefit of fools and madmen, on the ground that he had got it all of them, and ought to restore it to its rightful owners.

CURRENT ITEMS.

THE skeleton of a little girl, living near Oswego, who went berrying last August, and was never heard from, was lately found in a large fissure in a rock, near which a great number of snakes were discovered. The bones of the skeleton were completely cleaned of flesh. Whether the poor child fell into the crevice and perished, or was first attacked and killed by the snakes of the vicinity, is a matter of horrible uncertainty.

A WHALING ship, named the *Diana*, manned with fifty men, left the Shetland Islands about a year ago for the Arctic seas, and was supposed to be lost; but recently drifted into the harbor of Rona's Vor, on one of the islands, almost a complete wreck—ten of her crew of fifty lying frozen on the deck, thirty-five helpless, and five able to crawl about. Cold and famine had done a deadly business on the ill-fated vessel.

ONE day last week, a boy, six years old, living in Buffalo, in the absence of his parents, gave his brother, four years old, some whiskey to drink. Shortly after drinking it, the boy sat down to the breakfast table, and had just commenced eating, when, stupefied by the liquor, it is supposed, he fell off the chair, dislocating his neck by the fall.

A BABY elephant, attached to a circus, became frightened near Phœnix, R. I., broke away from his keeper and ran into the principal street. He made a raid upon a fruit-store, went into a saloon and emptied the contents upon the landlord and customers, and was proceeding to demolish a grocery when he was secured by his keeper.

THE Concord (N. H.) Monitor notices a school report recently issued in that State. The author alludes to the studies of "arithmatic," "gremmer," and "philosaphy." He complains that the school houses are badly *planed*, and that there is a *grate* lack of interest in the schools.

THE "SOLID" MEN OF BOSTON.—It is stated that among the subscribers to a gymnasium in Boston, are *sixty* gentlemen who can lift eight hundred pounds; ten who lift nine hundred pounds; two who lift one thousand pounds, and one who lifts twelve hundred and thirty pounds.

A LITTLE boy, only seven years old, son of a gentleman of Winchendon, was run over last week by a team loaded with stone, the load weighing over 5000 lbs, and the whole passing directly over his stomach, yet strange to say he was not killed, and is in a fair way of recovery.

AN old man of seventy-five, living in Connecticut, induced a young woman of twenty-four to marry him, by settling all his property on her. She got the deeds all secure, married the old man, and then ran off, leaving him in loneliness and poverty to reflect upon his folly.

A FINE OLD YANKEE GENTLEMAN.—William Kyle, of Rumford, Me., who is eighty-four years of age, cut and split thirty cords of firewood during the last winter, besides making himself generally useful around the house.

THREE negroes, while bathing in the bay of Charleston, found an old bomb-shell on the beach; and, while tampering with it, the shell exploded, killed two of them outright, and mortally injured the third.

A LETTER from a gentleman in Polk county, Ga., says that whole families there are sometimes two days without one bite of bread. The people are scattering in all directions for something to eat.

THE paper-bag interest is becoming a large one in this country. A single factory in Trenton made one hundred and twelve millions three hundred and twenty thousand of them last year.

THE Mayor's Court in Shepardstown, West Va., was unceremoniously adjourned on Thursday last by an individual mounting a bench and brandishing a pistol in a threatening manner.

ON last Saturday night, an old man, ragged, dirty, and half-starved, was found by the police lying in an open lot up town. $150 in greenbacks was discovered on his person.

DUELS seem to be coming in with the "heated term" at New Orleans. Three of them recently came off in one week.

THE Indians of Idaho are driving off stock and shooting settlers in every direction.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1867.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN:

Being a Series of Twelve Articles, by the Presidents of Twelve of the Principal Colleges in the United States.

No. VI.

SELF-MASTERY AS AN ELEMENT OF GREATNESS AND SUCCESS.

BY REV. W. A. STEARNS, D.D., PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

By self-mastery is here intended the perfect control, by one's self, of all those forces of his being which can be brought under the influence of volition. It implies not only restraint and direction, but bringing into action the hidden and undeveloped powers, and conducting them on to the full attainment of manfulness. Self-mastery is thus the control of the man within the man over the whole man and for the most important ends. The want of this power and its exercise is the common and special defect, not only of weaker minds, but often of the strongest natures. It is, indeed, never perfectly attained, but is capable of being nearly approximated.

The season best adapted to the acquisition is the transition season from boyhood to early manhood, or during the years which next follow. About the period of natural change in the physical condition, great changes in the intellectual and moral being are often experienced. Impulsive or frivolous immaturity gives way to thoughtful and persistent stability. Or, what is too common, minds virtuous and promising hitherto are precipitated into injurious falls or adopt courses which eventuate in terrible failures. About this time, also, habits, good or evil, are, in many cases, confirmed, and character is established.

One change in particular is of almost universal occurrence. It is a change of perception of what public opinion demands. The mistakes of boyhood are, to a greater extent than is usually supposed, mistakes of judgment. When a boy, otherwise well disposed, conducts himself perversely before the public, he acts not so much from fixed principles of evil, or strong tendencies thereto, as from a love of estimation and an erroneous idea of what the public esteems. Under this influence, he plays the hero absurdly; he regards excesses which give him unenviable notoriety, with self-complacency, and apes his superiors in ways that seem ludicrous; and all this, not from any underlying disposition, except it be vanity, which produces it, but from the mistaken idea that he is attracting admiration. About the age we have designated, this miserable sham begins to disappear. Experience, mortifications, a larger knowledge and some advance in the faculty of reflection, change alike the views and the manners. Not that the change is always so soon completed. In many the infirmities of boyhood hold on; in some they are incurable. But generally, near the transition period, the judgment improves, and the special danger afterward is not so much misapprehension of what the great world approves as some form of *self-indulgence*. Distaste of sober occupation; rebellion of spirit against the barriers which the moral sense and society have thrown across our life; a disposition to gratify strong natural propensions, and the temptation to adopt unjustifiable courses to secure the means therefor; reluctance to encounter hardship, to rouse from long permitted lassitude, to go forth on any undertaking of strenuousness and exertion; a power of evil sympathy by which stronger natures overmaster the weaker, and lead but do not help us; a lack of self-assertion which often makes a man, under its influence, "another man's man," instead of being his own man; or, in the opposite extreme, full of daring, with love of singularity, impulses to rush recklessly into ruinous acts or careers, or, finally, and almost worst of all, total neglect of self-culture and self-direction and useful aims;—these are among the special hazards to which early manhood is exposed. Judgment is not altogether wanting in any; there is generally some perception of the morally beautiful, and its desirableness, even in the least sensitive, and there are honorable impulses and high instincts, though, in the case of too many, these excellencies lie deep hidden, and can be brought only occasionally into full activity. And here lies the danger: the judgment is not consulted, or not obeyed, but the passions and the habits take the reins. Inferior motives master. The lower nature is like a high-mettled horse, unbroken, which runs away with the rider or throws him.

There are but few young men, especially among the better classes, in whom there is not nobility enough to save them, if it could be brought into action, and would assert its supremacy. From long accustomed, official as well as personal familiarity, we have come to the belief that it is only the exceptions, and not the many, who would refuse to respond, under favorable circumstances, to generous appeals. There are, indeed, narrow men, mean men, unsusceptible men, whose better feelings have been petrified or crusted over by selfishness, but they are less commonly found in the full, fresh years of early life. Among hundreds of undergraduates in Colleges, at least in some Colleges, there would average scarcely five in a class who would not approve heartily, in any hour of reflection, of what is excellent, and denounce what is unworthy. And could time and patience be expended on the remaining five, hardly one even of these need be considered as beyond hope. But the great evil, at this period of life, may be found, in too many cases, in the want of self-government. Men dislike to make themselves do what they ought to do—what they in some sense desire to do—but what they have no present inclination to do, or hold themselves back, with high authority, from those acts and practices to which passion strongly prompts them. It is hard to resist a powerful impulse, especially when often repeated or long continued. It is hard to act, under excitement, on principles accepted in calm moments. It is harder still to overcome an inveterate habit. The man will say the habit is injuring me, but I cannot give it up,—I confess I am *a slave*. A proud man who would resent chains, who would tolerate no reflection upon his independence of character, says, *I am a slave!* With cowed expression of countenance, with diminished self-respect, he says, *I am a slave!* A slave by force is a mighty wrong; but a consenting slave, is it manly or ignoble? Just for lack of this power of self over self, hopes of success are destroyed and the very life is crushed out of thousands. Profligacies, dishonesties, irrevocable deeds of rashness, followed by not only loss of chances of getting forward, but of all that men value—these are the results. Alexander mastered Bucephalus, and conquered the world; but he never mastered *Alexander*, and so died ingloriously, at the age of thirty-two. The ability of self-control if not exercised, grows weaker. The temples of Bacchus and Aphrodite attract; and, though these divinities are worshipped by human sacrifices, the time comes, in the case of many, when the burning fires of their altars are rushed into, as moths go into candles, with no power to resist. But this is chiefly the negative side of our question.

Self-mastery should not be limited to restraints. It has a broader domain. The business of bringing one's self up to the high measure of which he is capable, and conducting himself forward to the most commendable ends belongs to it. When thus applied, it foretokens and pledges success. Impossibilities excepted, men can ordinarily do what they are determined to do, or become what they are determined to be. There is nothing stronger within human limits than a strong will, when directed by good judgment and right intention. In the darkest periods of our recent war, hostile factions and timorsome friends questioned alike the ability of our chief magistrate; but a foreign writer observed that Mr. Lincoln possessed "the three leading characteristics of greatness and success—sagacity, integrity, persistency." The measure of sagacity depends much on natural genius, though its capability of improvement is hardly second to any other, as we often see in the Indian and the backwoodsman. Integrity should be a natural possession in all, rather than an acquisition; but it is within the compass of the humblest capacity. It inspires confidence and commands helps, while the want of it is not only an unsoundness but exposes to falls or involves in complications which are apt to bind one "in an evil net." Men do succeed in some sense without it, but not when the time is long enough and the field broad enough for a full experiment. Dishonesty contravenes the laws of the universe, which, though often slow in operation, move on irresistibly and are likely in the end to crush all things in their way. But *persistency*, when conducted by wisdom and along the courses of truth, is the one quality which more than any other makes men pre-eminent and crowns undertakings. The example of that wonderful man who in the great war kept, as he said, "pegging away," and that other man no less wonderful, though different, who proposed "to fight it out on this line," when the *out* in that direction seemed impossible, may serve as illustrations. Such persistency is usually sustained by the faith of success, and such faith removes mountains.

But it is time to inquire whether self-mastery, that self-mastery which imparts or improves the qualities essential to greatness, comes within the limits of ordinary attainment. We say, yes. There is more in each man of a million than most of them suspect. They need only to be roused and to put themselves upon effort. Restraint comes hard to them. But think of the restraint which they constantly exercise. Life and society would not be possible without it. Indeed, the restraints which men put upon themselves in their daily intercourse, if applied in some other directions, would enable them to reach the highest manfulness, or even to become benefactors of their race. Individuals also illustrate the possibilities of our nature. Hardly a distinguished man can be found in all the centuries of history who reached his pre-eminence without a prodigious self-curbing and self-inciting. Military chieftains, princely merchants, navigators, explorers, artists, scholars became such by a voluntary concentration which required the resistance of many strong propensities, and the summoning forth of some of their most reluctant powers. Men acquire this self-mastery in some things almost whenever an adequate motive puts them to the effort. And if in some things why not in others? When the trembling novitiate in surgery learns, by training and determination, to pass the knife safely among the most delicate and complicated cords of life, where a quiver of the nerves on his part would be death to his patient; when we see some common soldier, without natural courage, through love of country and by the power of will, marching himself up to the canon's mouth, or against the levelled rifles of a battalion, who need despair? There is a prodigious power of the man within the man, if he will but use it. Could the discouraged ones, discouraged in life's morning; could many who hardly suppose themselves capable of anything but folly; could others who are fretting away their lives supinely, thinking themselves doomed to inferiority,—only know what is in them, that knowledge might be to many of them as a personal resurrection. To believe in one's self, and then the high resolve and the persistent will:—the result would be achievement and honor.

There is also a strength which can be called to the aid of man's will, and which it would be dishonorable in those who know it to conceal. It is a power within and behind the will, which is more than will. The word *enthusiasm* ought to be comprehended, not in its perverted uses, but in its original and nobler import. Inspirations inbreathed from that source which once breathed itself into man's nostrils, and he became a living soul, impart a power, when reverently besought, which can make children giants and insignificant men noblemen.

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—*The Christian Advocate*, edited by Rev. Daniel Curry, D. D., has a leader on the "Spirit of the Press," in which this statement is made:

> The secular press has very greatly advanced in its ability and power within the past few years. An amount of business enterprise before unthought of has been brought to its management. Money has been used judiciously but very freely. The best talent of the country has been employed as editors, contributors, and business managers; so that the newspaper or magazine of to-day is quite another and a much greater affair than was its progenitor of a quarter of a century ago.

Every word of this is true; and, as a proof of Dr. Curry's appreciation of what appears in the "secular press," we would call attention to the fact that the longest article in the number of his paper, the *Christian Advocate*, dated May 23, is copied from the *New York Ledger*; but the good Doctor omits to give the *Ledger* credit for the article, notwithstanding it occupies over two columns of his paper. Is this fair?

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[From the New London Daily Star.]

The *Ledger* for June 8th is out, and through its columns Henry Ward Beecher, for the fourth time, greets his millions of readers. As "Norwood" progresses the interest of the story is deepened. Every fresh installment gives additional proof of the wonderful versatility of the writer;—every chapter is marked by passages of mingled pathos and power which reveal his genius.

In the present number of the *Ledger* also appears a most excellent article, entitled "Hints upon Historical Reading," from the pen of Rev. Dr. Goodwin, President of the University of Pennsylvania. This article is the fourth of a series of twelve, all of which are to be written expressly for Mr. Bonner's paper by the Presidents of the principal Colleges of the country. Every young man who has been induced to subscribe for the *Ledger* because of Mr. Beecher's story should not throw it aside without giving a careful perusal to these articles from the College Presidents. It will be found that they contain many valuable suggestions and a large fund of information that will prove of practical importance.

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[From the American Advertiser.]

The best family paper in the world is the New York *Ledger*. No other one can rival it in its many attractions, while its contents are of the most choice and interesting character.

AUDUBON.

BY JAMES PARTON.

One of the happiest men, and one of the most interesting characters we have had in America, was John James Audubon, the celebrated painter and biographer of American birds. He was one of the *few* men whose pursuits were in perfect accordance with his tastes and his talents; and, besides this, he enjoyed almost every other felicity which falls to the lot of a mortal.

His father was a French admiral who, about the middle of the last century, emigrated to Louisiana, where he prospered and reared a family. His distinguished son was born in 1780. While he was still a little boy, he showed a remarkable interest in the beautiful birds that flew about his father's sugar-plantation, particularly the mocking-bird, which attains its greatest perfection in that part of Louisiana. He soon had a considerable collection of living birds; and he tells us that his first attempts to draw and paint were inspired by his desire to preserve a memento of the beautiful plumage of some of his birds that died. In delineating his feathered friends he displayed so much talent that, at the age of fourteen, his father took him to Paris, and placed him in the studio of the famous painter, David, where he neglected every other branch of art except the one in which he was destined to excel. David's forte was in painting battle-pieces; but his pupil was never attracted to pictures of that kind, and he occupied himself almost exclusively in painting birds. At seventeen, he returned to Louisiana and resumed, with all his former ardor, his favorite study.

"My father," he says, in one of his prefaces, "then made me a present of a magnificent farm in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Schuylkill, where I married. The cares of a household, the love which I bore my wife, and the birth of two children, did not diminish my passion for Ornithology. An invincible attraction drew me toward the ancient forests of the American continent, and many years rolled away while I was far from my family."

To facilitate his design of studying birds in their native woods, he removed his family to the village of Henderson, upon the banks of the Ohio, whence, for fifteen years, he made excursions into the forest with his portfolio, rifle, and game-bag.

From the great lakes to the extremest point of Florida—from the Alleghanies to the prairies far beyond the Mississippi—through impenetrable forests, in cane-brakes almost impassable, and on the boundless prairies, he sought for new varieties of birds, copying them of the size of life, and measuring every part with the utmost nicety of mathematics. Up with the dawn and rambling about all day, ahe ws the happiest of men if he returned to his camp at evening carrying in his game-bag a new specimen with which to enrich his collection. He had no thought whatever of publishing his pictures.

"It was no desire of glory," he assures us, "which led me into this exile—I wished only to enjoy nature."

After fifteen years of such a life as this, he paid a visit to his relations in Philadelphia, carrying with him two hundred of his designs, the result of his laborious and perilous wanderings. Being obliged to leave Philadelphia for some weeks, he left these in a box at the house of one of his relations. On his return, what were his horror and despair to discover that they were totally destroyed by mice!

"A poignant flame," he relates, "pierced my brain like an arrow of fire, and for several weeks I was prostrate with fever. At length, physical and moral strength awoke within me. Again I took my gun, my game-bag, and portfolio, and my pencils, and plunged once more into the depths of my forests. Three years passed before I had repaired the damage, and they were three years of happiness. To complete my work, I went every day farther from the abodes of men. Eighteen months more rolled away, and my object was accomplished."

During his stay at Philadelphia, in 1824, Audubon became acquainted with Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who strongly urged the naturalist to publish his designs. This, however, was a work far too expensive to be undertaken in America alone. He proposed to issue several volumes of engravings colored and of life-size, with other volumes of printed descriptions. The price of the work was fixed at a thousand dollars. Before he had obtained a single subscriber, he set his engravers to work and proceeded to enlist the coöperation of the wealthy men of England and France. He was received in Europe with great distinction, and obtained in all one hundred and seventy subscribers, of whom about eighty were Europeans. While the first volume was in course of preparation, he returned to America, and spent another year in ranging the forests to add to his store. In 1830, the first volume of his wonderful work appeared, consisting of a hundred colored plates and representing ninety-nine varieties of birds. The volume excited enthusiasm wherever it was exhibited. The king of France and the king of England inscribed their names at the head of his list of subscribers. The principal learned societies of London and Paris added Audubon to the number of their members, and the great naturalists Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson, and others, joined in a chorus of praise.

The work, which consists of four volumes of engravings and five of letter-press, was completed in 1839. For the later volumes, he again passed three years in exploration, and, at one time, was enabled to study the birds on the coast of Florida in a vessel which the government of the United States had placed at his disposal. Returning to New York, he purchased a beautiful residence on the shores of the Hudson, near the city, where he prepared for the press an edition of his great work upon smaller paper, in seven volumes, which was completed in 1844.

Many New Yorkers remember that about that time he exhibited in the city a wonderful collection of his original drawings, which contained several thousands of animals and birds, all of which he had studied in their native homes, all drawn of the size of life by his own hand, and all represented with their natural foliage around them.

He was now sixty-five years of age, but his natural vigor appeared to be in no degree abated. Parke Godwin, who knew him well at that time, described him as possessing all the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. He was tall and remarkably well formed, and there was in his countenance a singular blending of innocence and animation. His head was exceedingly remarkable. "The forehead high," says Mr. Godwin, "arched and unclouded; the hairs of the brow prominent, particularly at the root of the nose, which was long and aquiline; chin prominent, and mouth characterized by energy and determination. The eyes were dark grey, set deeply in the head, and as restless as the glance of an eagle." His manners were extremely gentle, and his conversation full of point and spirit.

Still unsatisfied, he undertook in his old age a new work on the quadrupeds of America, for which he had gathered much material in his various journeys. Again he took to the woods—accompanied, however, now by his two sons, Victor and John, who had inherited much of his talent and zeal.

Returning to his home on the banks of the Hudson, he proceeded leisurely to prepare his gatherings for the press, assisted always by his sons and other friends. "Surrounded," he wrote, "by all the members of my dear family, enjoying the affection of numerous friends, who have never abandoned me, and possessing a sufficient share of all that contributes to make life agreeable, I lift my grateful eyes toward the Supreme Being, and feel that I am happy."

He did not live to complete his work upon the quadrupeds. Attacked by disease in his seventy-first year, which was the year 1851, he died so peacefully that it was more like going to sleep than death. His remains were buried in Trinity Cemetery, which adjoins his residence.

His sons, it is said, have continued the labors of their father, and design one day to publish the work on the quadrupeds of America. Mr. Audubon also left an autobiography, which, perhaps, may see the light. Besides his eminent talents as an artist, Audubon was a vigorous and picturesque writer. Some passages of his, descriptive of the habits of birds, are among the finest pieces of writing yet produced in America, and have been made familiar to the public through the medium of the school reading-books.

We learn from the career of this estimable man that he who would accomplish much in the short life-time of a human being, must concentrate his powers upon one object, and that object congenial with his tastes and talents. Audubon did in his life one thing: he made known to mankind the birds of his native land; but he did this so well, that his name will be held in honor as long as the materials last of which his volumes are composed.

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IMMORAL ADVERTISING.

Almost everything useful is liable to be made an instrument of evil by unscrupulous persons. The advertising columns of a leading newspaper are a striking illustration of this truism. They are invaluable as media of communication between business men and the public, but they also serve the purposes of charlatans, sharpers, profligates, and indeed of scoundrels of every phase and type. Body and soul are poisoned through their agency—the one by plausable recommendations of pernicious philters, purporting to cure all diseases that flesh is heir to; the other by lures thrown out and traps ingeniously set by debauchees and the panders of debauchery. Thieves and other villains safely correspond through the advertising department of a metropolitan journal, and make occult arrangements for the perpetration of crime and the division of plunder. The police are aware of the fact, but are seldom able to pierce the meaning of the mysterious and seemingly senseless jargon in which rascals thus carry on their secret intercourse under the very noses of the public. Sometimes our detectives discover the key to a communication of this nature; but no sooner is one species of cipher "blown upon" than another is invented, and justice is again baffled and left in the dark. That the publishers of advertising newspapers ought to exercise a sharper moral supervision over their business columns than they appear to think it necessary to do is felt by every good citizen. There is a class of advertisements the *animus* of which is unmistakable. We refer to certain insidious and villainous little paragraphs which are conspicuously paraded under the head of "personal." Society knows what they mean. There is not a boy or girl of sixteen years of age who is not aware of their object and intent, and of course publishers and editors understand them perfectly. They do infinite mischief, are a disgrace to Christian civilization, and a foul outrage upon public decency. They foster pruriency and promote demoralization. Immoral books can be suppressed by law, why should indecent advertisements be tolerated? The profligate volume is read by comparatively few, but the more directly pernicious invitation to vice in a two or three line "personal" is seen by everybody. It goes where Byron says his publishers informed him that certain cantos of his *Don Juan* could never go—*into families*. Thousands of young women read it, and we are sorry to say that the "personal column" is a part of the paper which seems to have a peculiar interest for many of them. Nay, more, hundreds of young girls thoughtlessly make use of the facilities it affords to have a "bit of fun," as they phrase it. Such fun is dangerous. It is impossible to touch pitch without being more or less defiled.

A journalist occupies a most responsible position. He is, or ought to be, a conservator of public morals, and when, either through carelessness or design, he permits his sheet to play the part of a vicious go-between and a tempter, he brings his profession and the press to shame.

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Our City—Public Thieves.

What a curious anomaly this great city presents. Its business edifices and private mansions are among the most magnificent in the world, but its public buildings are disgracefully out of keeping with them. The half-rotten and tottering cupola of Fulton Market and the still more dilapidated roof and walls of Washington Market are literally eye-sores. The markets themselves are offensive alike to the senses of sight and smell. We are ashamed to point them out to strangers, who universally sneer at them, as well they may. As to our wharves, one might almost fancy that the colonies of rats which burrow in them are disgusted with their unsightly lodgings. Our private lions are unsurpassed—our public oxes, for the most part, decrepit and mangy.

Yet heaven knows we ought to have every popular convenience in perfection, considering what we pay to the authorities who are kind enough to take charge of our local interests. Twenty millions a year! What a figure for such a whistle as is vouchsafed to us. Montreal, a city of some seventy-five thousand inhabitants, located in a colony that is at least half a century behind the Great Republic in enterprise, wealth and intelligence, fairly distances New York in the matter of piers and market buildings. It is mortifying. If authority only stole our money we might bear it with equanimity—for we can make it faster than public pickpockets can steal—but it literally "filches from us our good name" as a first-class city. Between State and municipal jobbers we are fairly—or rather, unfairly—"sped." Is there a rod in pickle for official villainy, and if so, when is it to be taken out of salt and applied? Some people say that the State Convention will do us right. The *Ledger* cares little from what quarter help may come, so that it comes speedily and is efficient.

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—Coquettish Spring has lapsed into a brighter season, and young Summer, with her lap full of juicy fruits, sits in our midst in a flood of sunshine. She is something late, however, with her hospitalities this year; and, to tell the truth, her bounties have been a trifle soured by the ungeniality of her immediate predecessor, who threw cold water upon them, in advance, somewhat too copiously. Fruital sugar is of the Sun; and he kept himself shady in a wigwam of vapors during most of the month of May. Hence the strawberries are not as saccharine as is their wont, and the cherries have a sharper flavor than is desirable. Perhaps the sensation theory that old Sol is cooling down may be true after all. He certainly does not *seem* to warm the Mays of our maturity as he warmed the Mays of our boyhood. Is it really so, or is there less caloric in our own veins than there was when we bounded through the fields to school? Possibly it is our own animal fire, and not the heat of the celestial warming-pan, that is abating. Yet the large, dark patches on the sun's disc, of which the astronomers have lately been telling us, look suspicious!

WALTER SCOTT AT HOME.

Tender-hearted, loving old Walter Scott! One of the few *great* men whose goodness equalled his greatness. One of the few great men whose "greatness" did not beckon him from out the domesticity of his own home, to find that "congeniality" which by modern tongues and pens is so much prated about. To this hale, strong, good old man, wife and children, his old dog Camp, and his pleasant talks and rambles with them, was "congeniality." *His* "genius" had the true ring to it; and though he had not been human, to have been indifferent to his fame as an author, he had too much heart to starve that, for his head.

In his large, green-morocco-elbow-chair, in his "den," as he called it, in Edinburgh, he sat, and in one year, at fifty-two years of age, wrote his three novels; "Quentin Durward," "Peveril of the Peak," and "St. Ronan's Well," beside other things. Sometimes, when the inspiration was lacking, he would start up from his writing-desk, saying, "I can make nothing of all this to-day, come, Maida, you thief;" would ramble out with his dog to a house, where lived a dear little precocious child by the name of Marjorie Fleming. "White as a frosted plum-cake," he exclaimed, as one snowy morning he took his plaid and went to her house, of which as a privileged friend he had a door key. In Sir Walter and the hound went, shaking off the snow in the lobby. "Marjorie! Marjorie!" the old man would shout, "where are ye, my bonnie wee creedle doo?" In a moment a little, eager, bright-eyed child of seven leaped into his arms, he kissing her face all over. "Come in, Wattie," the mother would say. "No, no; I am going to take Marjorie home wi me, and you may come to your tea, in Duncan Ray's sedan, and bring the bairn home in your lap." "Tak' Marjorie, and it on-ding-a-snaw!" said Mrs. Keith. "Hoot awa'! look here," said Sir Walter, and he held up the corner of his plaid sewed up so as to make a bag. "Tak' your lamb," said Mrs. Keith, laughing at the ingenious contrivance; and so Marjorie, well wrapped, was put into the plaid bag, and Scott strode off through the snow with her, the great dog Maida gambolling after.

When he reached his own "den," he would take out the warm, rosy little creature, and for three hours the two would make the house ring with laughter. Making the fire burn brightly, he would set Marjorie in his big green morocco chair, and, standing sheepishly before her, begin to say his lesson to her, and this was his lesson:

> "Won-ery, two-ery, tick-ery, seven;
> Alibi, crackaby, ten and eleven;
> Pen, pan,—musky, dan;
> Tweedle-um, twoddle-um, twenty-wan;
> Eerie, orie, ourie;
> You—are—out!"

He pretended great difficulty in saying it; and little Marjorie would rebuke him with comical gravity, treating him like a little child. Then Sir Walter would read ballads to her, in his own glorious way, till the two were wild with excitement. Then he would take her on his knee and make her repeat Shakspeare, which she did in a most wonderful manner. Scott used to say that he was amazed himself at her power over him, and that these recitals of her's affected him as nothing else ever did.

One night, in Edinburgh, Little Marjorie was invited to a Twelfth-Night supper, at Scott's. All his friends had arrived but this little dearest friend of all; and all were dull because Scott was dull. At last, he exclaimed, impatiently, "Where's that bairn? What *can* have come over her? I'll go myself and see!" and he was getting up, and would have gone, when the bell rung,—and in came Duncan Ray, and his henchman, Tougal, and the sedan-chair, which was brought right into the lobby, and the top raised. And there, in its [illegible] dingy [illegible] sat bright little Marjorie, with her gleaming eyes, dressed in white; and Scott bending over her in ecstasy. "Sit ye there, my dautie, till they all see you!" he cried, calling out to his guests. Then he lifted the child and, perching her on his shoulders, marched with her to his seat and placed her beside him; and then began the night. And *such* a night! Those who knew Scott best said it was never equalled. Marjorie and he were the stars. She gave them all her little speeches and songs which Sir Walter had taught her—he often making blunders on purpose, while showing her off, for the fun of hearing her grave rebukes.

One year after this, when Marjorie was eight years old, she went to bed apparently well, but suddenly awoke her mother with the cry, "My head! my head!" Three days after this, she died of water on the brain. Scott's grief may be imagined—when those deep-set, brooding eyes were closed, and the sweet, mobile mouth, so like his own, had, for the first time, for him no smile of greeting!

It may be that Walter Scott thought remorsefully afterwards, that the delightful hours which he passed with this gifted child, and which brought such delicious rest and refreshment and vitality to *him*, were the exciting cause of disease to her little brain. It is more than fifty years since she was laid in her little grave; but her childish poems, yellow with time, are still preserved, in her little cramped hand-writing, by those who held her dear. All who read this, and who have known such children, know how great is the temptation to hasten the blossoming of such a bud of promise, instead of waiting for nature's own safe, sweet, and gradual unfolding. Many a mother has wept her heart out over a little grave where she has learned too late this lesson.

FANNY FERN.

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Raising Children.

Hood says of his "Irish Schoolmaster" that he "spoiled the rod and never spared the child." Of the two, perhaps it is better to spoil the rod than the child, but it is not necessary to spoil either. Firmness is the grand essential in the management of children. Nothing unreasonable should be required of them, but that which is reasonably required should be rigidly exacted. The rules laid down for their government should not be harsh or severe, but they should be like the laws of the Medes and Persians—absolutely imperative. No "coaxing ways" of the cunning little creatures for whose good they are framed should ever induce a parent to violate them, or to waver in their enforcement. No promise made to a child should ever be broken or evaded. Boys and girls know "how to observe" quite as well as Miss Martineau, and are more prone to imitate the weaknesses and vices of their teachers than to emulate their virtues. If you break faith with them they will fib to you, justifying themselves to their little consciences (for children have consciences) by your example. They will tell you as much if you push them hard. Never, therefore, attempt to terrify them by threats which you do not intend to execute, or to stimulate them by hopes of reward which you have no thought of fulfilling. A doating, over-indulgent mother is the most cruel enemy a child can have. The insane kindness of such mothers has ruined thousands of sons and daughters who, under proper management, would have been a comfort and a credit to their parents. Compromises may sometimes be expedient in politics, although that is doubtful, if any wholesome principle is waived or sacrificed; but in family government they are almost always unwise. All this, it may be said, is so true that it is trite, yet in view of the lawlessness of the children of this generation, it cannot be too often reiterated.

THE SETTLER.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

Afar, on the edge of the forest,
The settler's cabin stands,
Of rough logs hewn from giant trees
By his large and sinewy hands;
For well to wield the sharpened axe
The settler understands.

You can hear its heavy, muffled stroke
From morn till shut of day,
In the forest close beside his home,
Where the fallen giants lay;
While his good wife minds her busy cares,
And his children are at play.

Broad-chested, tall and straight are they,
With figures lithe and trim,
The glow of health upon each cheek,
And strength in every limb;
The daughters like their mother are,
But the boys resemble him.

Few other dwellings may be seen
The settler's cabin near;
The clearings round about are bare,
And the forest dark and drear,
Where, often in the silent night,
The panther's voice you'll hear.

The settler loves his rifle well—
A right good shot is he,—
He can pick the eye out of a squirrel
High up in the tallest tree;
And seldom ever a bird or hare
From his deadly aim goes free.

He breathes into his hardy lungs
The free air of the west,
That sweeps the prairie's boundless plain
And scales the mountain's crest,
And a deathless love of freedom fills
His honest, manly breast.

Beside the house his garden grows,
And oft with spade and hoe
The settler turns the fruitful soil
Where the corn and lettuce grow
And close beside his cabin walls
The gaudy sunflowers blow.

Inside the window's lifted sash
His good wife he can hear
Make busy with the noonday meal
As the welcome hour draws near;
And, helping her, his daughter sings,
With sweet voice, low and clear.

Within the shadow of the door
His faithful mastiff lies,
With nose between his outstretched paws;
And drowsy, half-shut eyes;
While now and then his head he lifts
To fight the hated flies.

At eve the settler takes his ease—
That ease so nobly won,
In his narrow cabin, far away
Toward the setting sun;
And no thought of labor mars his peace,
For his hard day's work is done.

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WINNING HER WAY.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER," "SELF-MADE," "THE HIDDEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LX.

THE MAIL-BAG.

Newspaper! who has never felt the pleasure that it brings?
It always tells us of so many strange and wondrous things.
It makes us weep at tales of woe, it fills our hearts with mirth,
It tells us of the price of stock, and what produce is worth;
And when and where, and why and how strange things occur on earth.
Has war's loud clarion called to arms? Has lightning struck a tree?
Has Jenkins broke his leg? Or has there been a storm at sea?
Has the sea-serpent shown his head? A comet's tail been seen?
Or has some heiress with her groom gone off to Gretna Green?
All this and many marvels mo[illegible] you from [illegible] may

The [illegible] passed away as pleasantly as the summer.

The time drew near when the family from old Lyon Hall were to go to Washington for the winter.

Drusilla wrote to her housekeeper and steward at Cedarwood, giving them full instructions to prepare the cottage for the reception of herself and friends, and she enclosed an order on her banker for the necessary funds.

In due time she received a communication from mammy informing her that all things were now ready for the party.

Then she consulted her relatives, and together they fixed upon a day early in January for the migration of the family. The General did not wish to move before that time, as he always preferred to spend his Christmas and New Year's holidays at old Lyon Hall.

Drusilla wrote again, and told her servants on what day to expect herself and her party.

But a very severe fall of snow, coming about the first of January, blocked up the country roads, impeded travel and delayed their journey, and also kept back the mails, so that for many days after the one appointed for their removal, the family remained at old Lyon Hall, cut off from communication with the rest of the world.

When at last there came a change of weather, and the snow melted and sunk into the earth, or was exhaled into the air, and the roads though muddy were passable, a messenger was sent to the post-office at Saulsburg to fetch the letters and papers.

He returned in the afternoon with a mail-bag well stuffed. He brought it into the small parlor, where the domestic circle was gathered.

Only those who have been under like circumstances long debarred from news can realize the avidity with which that bag was seized and unlocked, and its contents turned out upon the centre table, around which the whole family party immediately clustered.

There were several unimportant letters for everybody, which were, however, read with the greatest interest by these weather-bound recluses.

And there was one which immediately fixed Drusilla's attention. It was from Cedarwood, and dated a few days back. Mammy was the writer, and after dilating upon the complete readiness of the cottage to receive the expected company, she wrote:

"And so we shall be a lookin' out for you on the fifth, ma'am. And now, I don't no as there's enny dainger, but before you brings yung Marster Lennud inter this enfected nayberhood, I deems it my duty to tell you as how the millignant skarlit fever is a ragin' here, and a karryin' off duzzins. All the childun at the Drovur's Rest have got it; and likewise them that lives right across the road, opperside the gate as goes inter our place. But tho' I deems it my duty for to tell you of this, I doo not no as there is enny dainger, as in coorse yung Marster Lennud woudent be going amung them."

Danger? Drusilla grew sick and turned pale at the very thought.

"What is the matter, my dear?" inquired General Lyon, looking up from his paper, and noticing her disturbance.

She silently handed him the letter. He read it attentively, and then looking over his spectacles, said:

"Of course, then, we must not think of going. Scarlet fever! bless my life and soul! Let us stay where we are."

"What is it, dear grandpa?" inquired Anna, looking up from her letter, while Dick laid down his paper to listen.

"Scarlet fever, my love, raging around Cedarwood, and slaying as many as King Herod himself. Of course, we can't think of such a thing as going there. What, expose little Leonard to such an in infection? Suppose he was to catch the fever? and— the very idea makes me shudder! We'll stay home; we'll stay home, my children!" said the old man, emphatically, settling himself once more to his newspaper.

And, indeed, he was not sorry to have a good excuse for relinquishing the journey to Washington, which at this inclement season of the year could have no attractions for him.

"But if the ladies wish to go to the city, we can take apartments at one of the hotels," suggested Dick.

General Lyon looked uneasy. He did not wish to go to Washington on any terms in such bad weather. He would have gone to Cedarwood, only to keep his word with Drusilla; but missing that, he did not want to go to a hotel. And now he was afraid of being outvoted.

Anna, however, came to his relief.

"Take apartments? No, I thank you, Dick! We would all like to go to Cedarwood and see Drusilla's 'pretty little wild-wood home' so near the city; but, if we cannot go there, we will not pen ourselves up in a crowded hotel or boarding-house."

"No; *that* we won't!" put in the General.

"And I'm sure Drusilla thinks with us," added Anna.

"Indeed I do," acknowledged Drusa.

"So you see you are outvoted, my dear boy," chuckled the General.

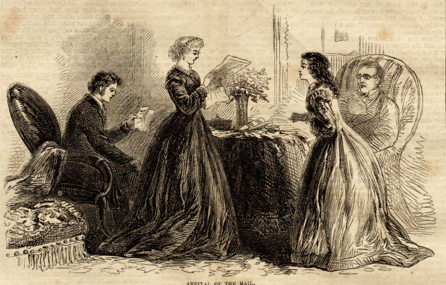
"Oh, as to myself," said Dick, "I know when I'm well off, and I had a great deal rather stay here. It was for the ladies' sake I spoke."

"Then here we stay for the present, my children."

"And so I must write and tell my housekeeper that she must cover up the furniture and close the rooms for the winter, as we are not going to Washington this season. But, my dear uncle, I hope that we shall go early in the spring."

"We shall go on the very first favorable opportunity, my dear, you may rely on that," answered the veteran.

And then the sight of Drusilla's unopened packet of foreign letters suggested a plan that he immediately proposed.



ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

"And I'll tell you what, my dears," he said, "we have none of us seen Europe yet. Anna and Dick were to have gone there for a wedding tour, but they would not go so far away from the old man."

"We should not have enjoyed the trip, dear grandpa, if you had not been with us. Neither I nor Dick cared to go to Europe until we could all go together."

"Then, please Providence, we will all go together next spring," said the General, looking around upon his young people. "What do you say, Dick? What do you say, Anna?"

"We shall both be delighted," answered Anna for herself and her husband, who immediately endorsed her reply.

"And you, Drusilla, shall you like to go to Europe?" inquired the General.

"Of all things! I have so long wished to see the old historical world!" she answered, pausing in her work of opening her foreign packet.

And then, for a little while, sitting around the table, they were all engaged in looking over the newspapers, each occasionally reading aloud to the others, who suspended their own employment to hear any little item of news supposed to be interesting.

"I declare there is nothing in our papers. Any thing in yours, dear?" inquired Anna of Drusilla, who had been the only silent reader of the party.

"Not much of interest to us over here. We do not care about the doings in Parliament, or the trials at the Old Bailey, or the meetings at Exeter Hall, or the murders in Bermondsey, or even about the movements of royalty and nobility."

"Oh, yes, we do care about that last item. We are intensely democratic and republican here, and so of course we are breathlessly anxious to know where 'Majesty' took an airing, what 'Royal Highness' wore to the opera, and whom 'Grace' entertained at dinner!" laughed Anna.

"Then read for yourself, my dear," answered Drusilla, passing the "Times."

"And *to* yourself also, my child. We are not interested in those high themes," added the General, who was deep in a senatorial debate.

And Anna did read to herself for some time, but at length she exclaimed:

"Well, here is an item in which I think you will be interested, all of you."

Drusilla started and looked up anxiously. She thought that Anna had come upon some news of Alexander, and she wondered how she herself could have overlooked such a matter.

Even the General laid down his paper to listen.

"Well, what is it, dear?" inquired Dick.

Anna read:

"'The Barony of Killchrichtoun, so long in abeyance, has been claimed by a young American gentleman in right of his mother. The barony, it will be remembered, is not a male feoff only; but, failing male heirs, descends in the female line. The right of the new claimant is said to be indisputable. He is the great great grandson and only living descendant of George-Duncan-Bertie-Bruce, the tenth and last Baron of Killchrichtoun.'"

"Oh, I saw *that*," said Drusilla, with a look of disappointment.

"Who is he?" inquired General Lyon, indifferently.

"Does not say," answered the reader.

"Some poor devil of an adventurer making a donkey of himself, I suppose," said Dick.

"Come, I won't read you any more sensational news if that is the way you treat it," said Anna.

And the subject was dropped and forgotten.

The family circle then separated, each retiring to his or her own room, to fill up the time till the dinner hour with answering letters.

CHAPTER LXI.

OLD AND NEW.

One in stories of the past,
One in glories still to last,
One in speech and one in face,
One in honest pride of race,
One in faith and hope and grace.
M. F. TUPPER.

"Let us go very early in the spring. If we stop here until the season begins to put forth all its beauty, I shall never be able to leave this 'sweet old home,' as Drusa calls it."

Thus spoke General Lyon, one morning in March, when the family were assembled at breakfast, discussing the subject of their trip to Europe.

"Then as this is the fifteenth, and the spring is held to commence about the twenty-first, we had better begin to see about our voyage at once. Do you wish to start as early as the first of April?" inquired Dick.

"No; that plan would give us but two weeks to get ready in, and it is necessary to secure berths at least one month in advance. We shall not go before the middle of April. Then, also, we shall be sure that the equinoctial storms are quite over, to their very latest reverberation."

"Well, in any case, we had better fix upon our line of steamers, and write to the agent at once to take state-rooms," suggested Anna.

"Certainly," agreed the General.

And after a little more discussion of the merits of rival lines and individual steamers, their ship was selected, and Dick was authorized to write and secure state-rooms, and to be sure to get them amid-ships.

Dick wrote, and in due course of mail he received the agent's answer, saying that his party could have one state-room amid-ships and two near the bows.

Dick showed this letter to the General, and the two in consultation decided that the choice state-room should be assigned to Drusilla and her child, while the other members of the party should take the less desirable berths.

"But we must say nothing to her about it, or she may refuse to make herself and boy comfortable at our expense, and insist upon a different arrangement," said the General.

So Dick wrote again to the agent, enclosing a draught upon a New York banker to pay for the state-rooms.

And lively preparations were commenced for the voyage.

Drusilla, who never in her life had been a hundred miles from home, was delighted with the prospect of crossing the ocean and travelling in distant countries.

Not only was her mind all alert with the anticipations of intellectual pleasures, but her heart was cheered with the hope of being nearer to Alexander.

It was even possible that she might see him, or that he might see her little Leonard. And so Drusilla went enthusiastically to work with her preparations.

But the whole party made the usual mistake of inexperienced voyagers—they encumbered themselves with an unnecessary amount of luggage.

As if they were going beyond the bounds of civilization to live forever away from the possibility of purchasing the comforts or even the necessaries of life, they packed clothing by the twelve dozens, and filled many great trunks.

As if the steamer had no store-room or pantry, they took hampers of canned meats and fruits and jars of jellies and preserves.

And as if there were no surgeon in the staff of officers, they took a "doctor's book" and a "physic box," to say nothing of boxes of lemons, bottles of peppermint cordial and cases of soda powders as preventives of sea-sickness, or of books, magazines, checkers, chessmen and musical instruments as preventives of ennui.

Thus the party of seven had twenty-one large trunks.

They took but two servants—Pina to nurse little Leonard and to wait on Drusilla and Anna; and young Jacob to attend upon the General and Dick.

Old Jacob, Marcy and Matty were to be left in charge of Old Lyon Hall. Leo was to go for a visit to his parents at Cedarwood.

All things being ready, the party of voyagers left Old Lyon Hall on the seventh of April, so as to have a day in Washington and a few days in New York before the sailing of the steamer on the fifteenth.

General Lyon had many friends and acquaintances either permanently or temporarily residing in Europe. To add to the number of these he had procured letters of introduction from distinguished people in America to their peers in the old world.

It was a very pleasant day of sunshine and showers in the capricious month, when they finally commenced their journey.

They travelled from Old Lyon Hall to the Stormy Petrel Landing in the capacious old family carriage.

They were followed by two wagons taking their heavy baggage.

At this steamboat landing they took the Sea Gull for Washington, where they all arrived in good health in the afternoon of the next day.

According to previous arrangement, they had a hack, and leaving their luggage at the railway station, went out to Cedarwood, where mammy and her old man were expecting to receive them, and where they found everything prepared for their comfort.

Rooms were aired, beds made and bright little wood-fires kindled. And an exquisite early supper was in progress.

Mammy received her mistress and mistress's friends with a mixture of deference and dignity in her manners that was quite impressive.

And her joy over the fine growth and beauty of her nurseling, little Leonard, was natural and delightful.

The meeting also between Pina and Leo and their parents was very pleasant to see.

Our party had reached Cedarwood at the most beautiful hour of sunset.

General Lyon and Anna, who saw the place now for the first time and under its fairest aspect, were delighted with the cottage and its surroundings.

It was not an imposing and venerable mansion, overshadowed by mountains and forests, like Old Lyon Hall, but it was a pretty, wild-wood home, fresh, bright, fair, and youthful. And Anna was in ecstasies over it.

But the sparkling shower-gems that glittered in the rays of the setting sun, from every leaf and flower and blade of grass, while they added so much to the beauty of the scene, made it a little too damp for health.

So Drusilla pressed her friends to go into the house, and General Lyon seconded her motion, and drove them in before him.

"This is all very pretty, my dears," he said, "but we don't want to begin our voyage with bad colds."

So they went into the little drawing-room, with which you are so well acquainted, the lovely little drawing-room, where Drusilla had watched out so many weary nights.

A cheerful fire was burning in the grate; and early spring flowers were blooming in the vases; and the curtains that separated it from the little dining-room were drawn aside, showing the snowy damask, shining silver, and Sevres china, of a well-set supper-table.

When they had stood before the fire a few moments to evaporate the slight dampness from their clothes, and to look around upon the pretty place, the servants were summoned to show them to their several rooms.

Drusilla, attended by mammy, carrying little Leonard, went up to her own chamber.

It was looking very fresh and bright, pretty and attractive, with its crimson carpet and snowy curtains and its cheerful wood fire.

But with what feelings did the young wife and mother enter again this chamber, so filled with sweet and bitter memories?

Certainly with some sadness at the thoughts of all the happiness and the misery she had felt in this place. But also with much thankfulness, that she and her child had passed through the fiery trials unscathed—had come forth from them sound in body and mind; and were now blessed with health and happiness and many friends.

She sank on her knees for a moment and returned sincere thanks to Divine Providence. And then she arose and made a few necessary changes in her dress, and went below, to await her friends in the drawing-room.

They soon joined her there.

And then the supper, prepared with mammy's best skill, was placed upon the table, and the party sat down with good appetites to enjoy it.

Afterwards Drusilla tried the tone of her new piano, the one that had been ordered and sent to the cottage by her agent when she was expecting to take her friends there to spend the winter.

She found it out of tune from disuse, and so gave up the attempt to bring harmony out of it, for that evening.

She sang and brought "mammy" up into the drawing-room and said:

"Mammy, I shall write to my agent to send a man out here to put this instrument in tune. And after that you must make a fire in this room every wet day; and you must play on it."

"Play on the fire, ma'am!"

"No, on the piano."

"On the pianner!"

"Yes, I tell you."

"Why la, ma'am, I couldn't do it! It ain't likely, as I could! I don't know nothing about it! I couldn't play a tune, no not if the salvation of my mortial soul depended on to it! I could play on the jewsharp, if that would do."

Drusilla smiled and said:

"I don't suppose you could play any pieces on this instrument. But I tell you what I want you to do. Look here——"

And Drusilla opened the piano and sat down before it. And mammy followed her and stood watching her motions.

"See, now; begin here at this left hand end and strike every one of these little ivory keys in turn, just as I do now, one after the other till you get up here to the right hand end, and then backwards one after the other till you get back to the left hand end again. And then do the same thing with the black keys. You can do that, can't you?" asked Drusilla, giving a practical illustration to her words.

"Oh yes, ma'am, I can do that well enough, and I think I shall like it. Let's see, now. I'm to begin at the end where they groans and roars like sinners in the pit, and I'm to end at the end where they whistles and chippers like birds in the bush."

"Yes; that is what you are to do for five or ten minutes every day, or every few days, as you please. And you are to light a fire here whenever it is very damp. All this is to keep the instrument in tune, you know."

"Yes, ma'am, I think I shall like it. I *know* I shall like it. And it's easy enough!" said mammy, standing by her mistress and touching the keys. "La! what will my old man say, when he finds out I am larnin' music on the pianner, in my ole ages of life, and practysin' every day like any boarding-school young lady! Won't he be took right offen his feet along with 'stonishment?"

"Very likely. And now that will do, mammy. I know you will like to spend as much time as possible with Pina, as she is so soon to leave you, so good night."

"Good night, ma'am. Good night, ladies and gentlemen."

When mammy had left the room, Anna broke out into a peal of silvery laughter.

"Well, upon my word, Drusa," she said, "I never should have thought of *your* device for keeping a piano in tune."

"Why not? It is an obvious one, under the circumstances."

"Yes; but think of the absurdity of having mammy seated at the piano, thumping upon the keys every day!"

"She will not thump. And there is no absurdity. She will in this way keep the instrument in tune, and I should not at all wonder if in the process she should teach herself to play by ear. She will, if she has the ordinary musical talent of her race," said Drusilla.

And then seeing that General Lyon was actually nodding, and that Dick was trying to smother a yawn, she lighted the bed-room candles.

Anna put one in Dick's hand, and waked up the General.

And the party bade each other good-night, and went to their several rooms.

The earliest hours next day were spent in the business that brought Drusilla to Cedarwood—the inspection of her little estate.

General Lyon, who had spent the best part of his long life in agricultural pursuits, was well fitted to judge correctly of such matters. And he pronounced everything connected with the farm to be very well ordered, and he complimented "mammy" and her "old man" on the skill and fidelity with which they had administered affairs

By ten o'clock, the travellers having settled the business that brought them to Cedarwood, left for Washington to meet the mid-day train for New York, where they arrived at eleven o'clock at night.

They went to one of the up-town hotels, where they succeeded in procuring good rooms on the second floor. After a late but light supper, they retired to rest, and, fatigued by their long ride, slept soundly.

The next morning, Drusilla looked for the first time upon the great American seaport, as seen from the windows of her room at the hotel.

From her point of view, she expected to see a thronged thoroughfare. She was agreeably disappointed, for she looked down upon a broad, clean, shady street, with a park on the opposite side, for the house was a quiet, up-town one.

While she stood at the window, General Lyon came to the door to take her down to breakfast, in the public room, where at one of the little tables she found Anna and Dick already seated, and waiting for her.

After the usual greetings:

"This is the tenth," said Anna; "we have six days to see all that we wish to see in New York, and so we must be busy, Drusa."

"Yes," answered Drusilla.

"But first of all, we must go and take a look at our steamer. I see by this morning's paper that she got into port late last night," said the General.

"You and I can go and do that, sir. The ladies need not accompany us unless they wish," said Dick.

"Oh, but we *do* wish," put in Anna. "I was never inside of an ocean-steamer in my life. Were you, Drusilla?"

"Of course not."

"And wouldn't you like to go and take a look at the floating home in which we are to live for about two weeks?"

"Certainly I should, unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Our company should inconvenience Uncle or Dick."

"It will not inconvenience *me* in the slightest degree. On the contrary, it will give *me* pleasure. And—it don't matter about Dick," said the General.

"Then we'll go," concluded Anna, rising from the table.

"And you had better get ready at once, young ladies, as we have a great deal to do to-day after seeing the ship," advised the General.

"And Drusilla, if I were in your place, I would let Pina take little Lenny across the street into the park. Jacob can go along to look after them both. So they will be quite safe," counselled Anna.

Drusilla nodded and smiled assent.

And they went up stairs to put on their bonnets, and soon came down prepared for the drive.

The General and Dick were waiting in the hall, and the hired carriage was at the door.

"Only let me see little Lenny and his attendants safe in the park first, and then I will join you," said Drusilla, who was leading in her hand her little boy; who now, being seventeen months old, could walk and talk quite prettily.

"It is only across the street. It will not take us two minutes," added Anna.

"And I am so much afraid of his being run over by carriages," pleaded the young mother.

"Oh, go, go!" laughed the General.

And Drusilla and Anna saw their little charge safely across the street and within the enclosure of the green and shaded park; where, with many warnings and instructions to his attendants, they left him with Pina for his bearer and Jacob for his body-guard.

Then they returned and joined their own protectors.

"See how patiently he is waiting for us! Had ever any one such a dear, indulgent old uncle as I have?" said Drusilla, fondly regarding the old man as she approached.

In two more minutes they were all in the carriage, and rolling down the avenue towards Broadway.

They were nearly an hour in reaching their ship, which, with her passengers and freight all discharged, was lying quietly at her pier.

Led on by Dick, pressing through crowds of people and climbing over piles of merchandise, and passing over decks of other boats, our party at last boarded their steamer, the "Hurona."

Picking his way among coils of ropes and chains, and folds of canvas and heaps of coal, Dick went up to an officer on duty on the deck, and showing his tickets, requested to see the rooms engaged by his party.

The officer politely acquiesced, called a steward, and directed him to show the gentleman and his friends to the first cabin.

The man obeyed, and led our party down to the elegantly furnished floating drawing-room of the steamer.

"This is much finer than anything we ever saw on our rivers and bays," said Anna, as she glanced around upon the velvet carpets, satin damask curtains, heavily gilded cornices, cheval mirrors, and all the showy appointments of the place.

"This is number three, if you please, sir," said the steward, opening the ground glass gilded door of a state-room on their right.

"Ah! yes; this is the place in which you will have to go to housekeeping for two weeks," said the General, turning with a smile to Drusilla.

It was a clean, cozy den, with an upper and a lower berth, and a sofa, wash-stand, shelves and drawers, and all that was required for convenience.

"Do you think you will be comfortable here?" inquired the General.

"I shall be *very* comfortable. This is the largest state-room I ever saw," said Drusilla, glancing around approvingly, although she was too inexperienced to know that this was indeed one of the very best positions in the ship.

"And now we will see ours," said Dick.

And the steward led the party far away up to the bows of the steamer, where he showed them two large, three-cornered state-rooms, directly opposite each other.

Though their position was execrable, they were even much larger and much better furnished than was Drusilla's.

She noticed their ample size and many conveniences, and exclaimed:

"I am so glad that you have so much space and so many little drawers and cupboards to put away your things, and that you are so near each other, too."

And in her heart she wished that she could be near them also; for she could not know that they had the worst situation while she had the best, or that they would be harassed by every motion of the ship, while she would scarcely feel it at all.

Dick and Anna smiled and enjoyed her "bliss of ignorance."

Having thus inspected their future quarters, they left the steamer and returned to the hotel.

Drusilla had been feeling a little secret anxiety on the subject of her boy.

But Master Lenny had neither been stolen, run over, choked, bumped, or injured in any other of the ways she had feared for him. He was quite safe, and full of a subject which he called "moodick" and "yed toat"; and which Drusa interpreted to mean a brass band attached to a marine corps that had been playing in the park to Lenny's great delight.

That evening our party went to the opera. The next day they visited the public institutions on the islands in East River.

And thus with sight-seeing or shopping all day long, and going to some place of amusement in the evening, they passed the time until Saturday.

On that morning, at about ten o'clock, they embarked on board the Hurona, and took up their quarters in the state-rooms already described.

The Hurona sailed at twelve noon.

And after a voyage of ten days, which was so calm, pleasant and uneventful as to leave no incident worth recording, the Hurona reached the shores of the Old World.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

"AFTER WAR, PEACE."

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Upon the whole, all things considered," said Rachel Fernley, "I have concluded never to marry."

"I wouldn't if I were you!" growled Major Seabury. "There isn't the man living that's worth taking the trouble to marry—no, nor the woman either."

Rachel's cheek flushed a little at the last clause of this denunciatory sentence. Moreover, she hadn't spoken to Major Seabury, and it was like his officious intermeddling to strike into the conversation with his unsolicited opinion.

Mrs. Troupe, the merry little hostess of both these unsympathetic guests, burst into a cheerful laugh.

"But we all know what a misanthrope *you* are, Major."

"Misanthrope, Madam? Well, we won't quarrel about terms," said the Major, after a minute's reflection, "but I've been upset all the morning, Mrs. Troupe—completely upset. Think of that oaf of a servant leaving my window closed, instead of opening it two and three-quarter inches, according to my express direction; and the shower bath was two degrees warmer than it should have been,—I give you my word, ma'am, it was,—and the consequences are that my head is aching as if forty trip hammers were at work inside of it, and I've a fullness over the left eye that is certainly one of the primary signs of apoplexy."

"I hope not, Major Seabury."

"I dare say you hope not, Mrs. Troupe, but that don't alter the state of affairs. And now in all this rain I must go for a walk—nothing but a walk will relieve my symptoms."

So saying, the Major took his departure, growling in an undertone like a cross bear.

Rachel Fernly had been glancing over the accounts of her little charity school, but she could not repress a smile as the Major went out. She was a pretty, fresh-colored girl, with a tall, slim figure, which she carried like a queen, and a fair, smooth forehead, shaded by heavy braids of blue-black hair. Mrs. Troupe saw the smile.

"I know what you are thinking, Rachel; but, indeed, under all that mask of eccentricity, he is a noble specimen of a man."

"Do you know, Mrs. Troupe," said Miss Fernley, "that even had I not determined to live and die what the world calls an old maid, I should be urged to the resolution by daily contact with that man."

"Rachel!"

"I *hate* him, Mrs. Troupe. And now don't let us waste any further time on Major Seabury, but help me with these little flannel vests for Mrs. Oran's club."

"Really, Rachel," pleaded her friend, "you would make somebody such a nice wife that I have no patience with your freaks and whims."

But Rachel only laughed, and spread Mrs. Troupe's boudoir carpet with paper patterns for flannel vests.

"I am happier just as I am," said Rachel.

But Mrs. Troupe was not destined to hear the last of the mutual antipathy between her guests just yet.

"That Miss Fernley is a dreadfully selfish girl," complained Major Seabury that evening.

"Rachel selfish?"

"There she has been and closed the door, simply because the draught annoys her. Only think of it, Mrs. Troupe,—nine persons deprived of oxygen because Rachel Fernley don't like a draught! It's outrageous, ma'am—it's outrageous!"

"Yes—but, Major ——"

"Excuse me, ma'am, I shall go and walk up and down the hall; *there* I can get as much oxygen as I wish!"

And, ten minutes afterwards, Mrs. Troupe heard the Major lecturing the servants on the unhealthiness of wearing rubber garments.

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Troupe to her husband, when at last they were alone in the drawing-room together, "it's enough to make one despair of the success of human calculation! I invited Rachel here on purpose that she and the Major should fall in love, and now they hate each other most energetically."

"Rachel is odd and old maidish," said Mr. Troupe.

"So is the Major," laughed his wife.

"I tell you what, my dear," said Mr. Troupe, "I would avoid match-making most strenuously if I were you. Let Rachel preach woman's rights, and the Major take vapor baths and live on Graham bread; it suits them, and it's no business of ours."

So the week passed away, and Rachel and the Major tacitly defied one another.

"Anything but a whimsical, ism-y *woman*!" growled Major Seabury.

"Deliver me from a fussy old bachelor!" murmured Miss Fernley.

"Rachel, the Major is going away to-morrow," said Miss Troupe, one lovely autumn day.

"Is he? I'm glad of it!"

Miss Fernley went on her afternoon walk; and when she returned, towards dusk, the house was full of bustle and confusion.

"Why, what is the matter?" she asked of one of the servants.

"There has been a fire down at the lodge, Miss, and the Major is hurt!"

"Major Seabury!" said Rachel, shrugging her shoulders, "I should have supposed *he* was the last man in the world to offer any assistance or run any risks!"

"Dear me, he climbed up the back stairs when they was all a-blaze, and carried the baby down; and then he went back for little Joe, that was frightened and hid away, and he found the child, and brought it down safe and sound. But his arm got hurt, Miss, with a falling beam. There aint one of us, Miss, but wishes we could bear the pain for him!"

"I was not aware that Major Seabury was so great a favorite in the servants' hall."

"They all just worship him, Miss. He has his ways to be sure, but he's the best friend we've got."

Rachel went slowly up stairs, thinking in her inmost mind that it was foolish to attach much importance to the idle chatter of servants; that Major Seabury was probably not seriously hurt; and that upon the whole he was not so much of a wounded hero after all. Mr. Troupe was in the drawing-room.

"Well, he's pretty comfortable just now!" he said, rubbing his hands.

"Is he?" said Rachel, indifferently.

"It's too bad that this should have happened just now, of all times in the world!"

"Why, too bad?"

"When Seabury was just going to Europe. Of course you knew the secret of his living here so quietly, when he was the lineal descendant and heir of the Seaburys of Grant-Seabury?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, it just goes to prove what a splendid fellow he is. His brother—the eldest son—was an extravagant fool—lived recklessly and died unrespected, leaving a heavy inheritance of debt behind him, and dragging others down in his ruin. Now these debts were in no way Harold Seabury's business; in neither law nor equity was he responsible for their discharge. Yet for ten years he has pinched his own income and drained the estates in order that his brother's creditors should be fully repaid—a regular piece of Quixotism,—and yet one can't help loving and respecting Don Quixote, you know, Miss Fernley!"

Rachel was silent, and Mr. Troupe went on:

"And now, at last, when every cent of the debts was paid, and Harold was going to claim his own, in the face of all the world, this accident chains him to a sick-bed. If ever there was an unlucky Fate, this is one."

"Can I do anything for him?" asked Rachel, in a low voice.

"Nothing, I believe—but I'll tell him you inquired."

Rachel Fernley was not a girl who liked to change her mind, after it was once made up, but she began to feel that she had not quite done Major Seabury justice.

She was passing through the hall, a few days afterwards, when she heard voices in high altercation—voices that proceeded from the half-open door of Major Seabury's sick-room.

"But, if you please, Major——"

"But I tell you I don't please—and I won't please! Hold your confounded tongue! Go up stairs to bed. Do you take me for a Turk, or a Cossack, to expect people to sit up all night, waiting on me, and then all day into the bargain? Do you suppose I haven't any compassion or Christian charity in my nature?"

"But, sir, the wet cloths on your arm!"

"Hang the wet cloths! I'll do without them for a while."

"Yes, sir, but——"

"WILL you go, or shall I throw the bowl of gruel at your head?"

Thomas retreated into the hall, where he met Miss Fernley face to face.

"Never mind, Thomas, I'll see to the bandages."

"Thank you, Miss, I couldn't rest if some one didn't look after him, and he won't let *me* stay."

The Major—poor fellow, he was sunken-eyed and pale enough now—looked belligerently at Miss Fernley as she entered.

"I will not trouble *you*, Miss Fernley."

"It will be no trouble," she said, quietly, taking the easy-chair by the bedside, and beginning to dip cloths in some cooling lotion. "Mr. and Mrs. Troupe have both gone out, and your regular nurse was sent to Langley for new drugs."

"But I don't want you here."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a strong-minded woman, and you'll feel all the time that you are wasting your precious time and misappropriating your talents."

The color rose to Rachel's cheek, but she went on with her work, speaking no word. Major Seabury, maliciously delighting in the success of his first poisoned arrow, armed another, with wicked deliberation.

"Strong-minded women are out of place in a sick-room—gentle fingers and soothing touches are needed more than soaring brains."

Rachel laid the bandages over the fevered arm with delicate precision.

"Does it feel better now?"

"No—it burns like forty furnaces!"

Rachel sat beside him, gently renewing the cooling bandages, while the crimson flush yet lingered on her cheek, and the dewy sparkle in her eyes.

Suddenly the Major spoke abruptly.

"I had rather you wouldn't stay here, Miss Fernley. I know your heart is with charity schools and missionary schemes."

Rachel burst into tears; this last taunt was too much.

"Major Seabury, what have I done to deserve this treatment at your hands? You have allowed all the other inmates of this house to wait upon you and soothe your hours of pain. Why am I made the sole exception? Do you suppose I do not sympathize with you? Do you think *I* do not pity you?"

She was sobbing now—sobbing as only a woman who feels that she has been cruelly wronged and misjudged can do.

"Pardon me, Miss Fernley; I should not have spoken so rudely."

"I will pardon you," said Rachel, rising slowly to her feet, "but I never will give you a second opportunity thus to hurt my feelings. From this moment we part."

"Rachel—you are not going!"

"Ought I to stay here, after this, Major Seabury?"

"Of course you ought! Don't you know better than to attach any importance to a sick man's silly petulance. I'm sorry I said it, Rachel—I never meant it. Rachel—Rachel!—don't cry!"

But Rachel—not so "strong-minded," after all—still cried piteously on.

"Rachel," pleaded the Major, "I've been a brute—a donkey—a cormorant. Will *that* satisfy you? No? Then I may as well out with my secret at once, though I intended it should die with me. I love you, Rachel! I have learned to love you while I lay helpless on my couch of suffering. I know I'm a rough, savage sort of a fellow, and you are as far above me as the stars shine above the earth!"

"Hush! Don't talk so!"

"I *must* talk so, Rachel!"

"You are displacing all those bandages—you are getting feverish."

"I don't care two straws whether I'm feverish or not!"

"But *I* care, Harold."

His hollow eyes brightened with sudden fire.

"That's enough, darling! Replace the bandages—I'll not move again. Bodily pain is nothing while the heart is so very, very glad!"

And as Rachel stooped to adjust the wrappings, she left a soft, fragrant touch of her lips which was scarcely a kiss upon the burning temple. And neither of them spoke more upon the subject so near to their hearts.

It was an odd courtship, but do we not see the antipodes meet every day of our lives? Everybody prophesied that Major Seabury and Miss Fernley would not be happy together, but Major Seabury and Miss Fernley disappointed everybody most systematically. There never was a happier couple than Harold and Rachel.

"I knew how it would be all along," said triumphant little Mrs. Troupe to her husband. "Don't talk to *me* about match-making again, sir!"

THE EVIL GENIUS.

By **ELIZA A. DUPUY,**

AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE TERROR," "WARNING VOICE," "THE FATAL ERROR," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

Vainly did Inez attempt to conceal from her father what had passed between herself and her aunt. He questioned her so closely that he made himself master of the whole even before Mrs. Perkins arrived at the Glades with the message she was commissioned to bear thither. She remained but a few moments, as she was anxious to be again on the scene of action to avail herself of any chance to serve the cause of Inez.

The transports of passion into which Mr. Lopez fell over what he termed the folly and injustice of his sister-in-law were almost as hard to be borne by the poor girl as the harsh censures of her aunt had been. Every change in her father's face made Inez tremble for his life, for she knew on what a slender thread it hung, yet he would make no effort to control his irritable temper.

He finally said:

"We must open a negotiation with this Wilkins, and if he has stolen the will buy it from him at any cost. Ten, nay twenty thousand dollars would not be too much to offer for its restoration. How can we manage to reach him, eh, Inez? We have no one to attend to business for us; no friend who would undertake the affair; so there is no other way than to employ a lawyer to look after your interests. But the deuce of it is, I don't know who to trust to manage so delicate an affair. Roger Manly was your grandfather's man of business, but as he was sent for to draw up your aunt's will, I suppose he has gone over to the enemy; so we must find somebody else."

"Dear papa," said Inez, "if Mr. Wilkins has really been guilty of committing this theft, it is not to *us* that he will come, but to the opposite party; for he would expect to get a larger sum for suppressing or destroying the deed than we would be willing to give for its recovery. If I judge Mr. Wilkins aright, he will not be satisfied with three times the amount you have named. But, as you suggest, it may be as well to have a lawyer to watch him, and endeavor to find out something definite concerning his share in the robbery. It is my belief that the two men who were in the library that night are as deeply implicated in it as Wilkins is. He had evidently outwitted them, and my hope is, that their anger against him will lead them to use every effort to thwart him by serving me."

"That is a shrewd conjecture of yours, and it strikes me that we had better insert an advertisement in the principal newspapers in town so worded that it will only be understood by the parties concerned, offering a handsome reward for the recovery of the will. What do you say?"

"It can do no harm, and may do good. I see no objection to it."

"Then sit down there and write from my dictation."

Inez obeyed, and the following advertisement was taken by Dick to the newspaper office that afternoon:

"A very large reward will be paid to the individual who lately abstracted a valuable document from a country house not far from Newport, and no questions will be asked."

"That will unearth him, if anything will, my dear. And now, let us decide as to who shall be our lawyer. Crampton and Crowder have a good reputation for succeeding in what they undertake. The elder partner is a sharp man of business, I have been told, and he has served me before, for he drew up the deed of transfer when I purchased this property. I will send a few lines asking Crampton to come out here and have a talk with me. Take up your pen again and write what is necessary."

The note was written and duly dispatched, and on the following afternoon Mr. Crampton came out to the Glades to confer with his new client.

He was a rosy, pompous looking man, with an expression of crafty shrewdness in his eyes, which Inez instinctively shrank from. She would have been better pleased if Mr. Crampton had not in any way been mixed up in her affairs, but it was too late now to recede.

The lawyer listened attentively to every detail given by Mr. Lopez and his daughter, and he shook his head ominously at the name of Wilkins.

"That's a sharp fellow, sir. Too sharp by far to be caught in a trap set by either you or me. Besides, there is no proof, or next to none, that Wilkins has got possession of the deed; and so far as I can make out, there is no tangible evidence that such a thing was ever actually in existence. Dreams, you know, my dear sir, don't go for much in a court of law. *They* only deal with the hardest kind of realities."

"But you seem to overlook what was said to my daughter that night at Oakland, by the man who had gone there on the same errand that took her there. What stronger confirmation of the truth of my vision could any one ask than that?"

"Aye—but, my dear sir, that person will not be forthcoming, I am afraid, any more than the parchment will, though the burglar promised very fairly to prevent Miss Lopez from giving an alarm. I have no doubt he meant to rob the house, but finding her in the way, thought better of it."

"So you really attach no importance to what was said on that occasion?"

"Not much; but I will make a note of it, and of course I shall use my best efforts to serve you in every way that is possible. An estate like this must not be given up without a struggle, and your daughter is the lawful heiress. Who is the girl to whom you believe Mrs. Hawks has devised it?"

"A Miss Gordon, who is her companion. She is brilliant, handsome, and unprincipled, and in an incredibly brief space of time she has acquired such influence over my absurd sister-in-law that she can induce her to do anything she pleases."

"Sharp girl that; she must be worth knowing. I believe I understand the whole case now, Mr. Lopez, and I will return to town at once to consult with my junior partner, Mr. Crowder, as to what is best to be done with reference to Wilkins. He knows him very well; in fact, I think they have had some business transactions with each other, and perhaps Ben will be able to give me some hold on the young man more tangible than any you have furnished me with. Good afternoon, sir; I shall let you know how we progress, and if anything important turns up I will come out to confer with you in person. Your servant, Miss Lopez; be sure that I shall do my best to serve so fair a client as yourself."

Mr. Crampton politely bowed himself out with these unsatisfactory assurances, and Mr. Lopez and his daughter endeavored to believe that their cause was in judicious and competent hands.

Mr. Crampton softly chuckled to himself as he rode toward Newport, for the idea of sending for so practical a limb of the law as himself to consult with him on claims based on so vague a thing as a dream, struck him as supremely absurd.

Had he possessed any certainty that the will in question had actually been made, his interest would at once have been enlisted, and all his professional acumen been brought in play for its recovery; but he regarded the statement of Mr. Lopez as simply a hallucination caused by opium, which every one who knew anything of him was aware that he habitually used.

It was late in the evening when he reached his office, and he found young Crowder listlessly drumming his fingers on the arm of a large chair he had tilted as far back as possible by placing his feet on the baize-covered table that filled up half the room.

He was a good-humored but reckless looking man, and nothing but the tie of blood could have induced the respectable Crampton to retain him in his office. Crowder was his nephew, and he was making such efforts as were possible to train him in habits of business, as yet with very indifferent success.

He looked around, and in a jovial tone cried out:

"Hillo, Unk, what's up now? Old Lopez sent for you, I learned from the open note I found on your table. *He* did not write that dainty epistle, I am sure, and as I am half in love with the dark-eyed goddess that haunts the Glades, I have taken possession of it as a precious waif. Any objection, eh?"

"None—for I have no use for it, Ben. If the young lady could only secure her inheritance, you should be welcome to fall in love with her as fast as you please; but her father sent for me to tell me that there is little hope of that. Such a rigmarole as he told me would make even you laugh, harum-scarum as you are; but I offered your services to verify a dream he has had, to which that villainous young Wilkins is accused of holding the clue."

A singular change passed over the face of Crowder, and he briskly put down his feet and raised himself from his reclining posture.

"What's the use of chaff, uncle, when you are talking about business? What do you mean by such nonsense as that?"

"Oh, it isn't *my* nonsense, but that of my new client, for I have undertaken to do what I can to serve him and his daughter. On the strength of a *dream*, they both insist that valuable papers were concealed in the library at Oakland, and they have some vague reason for believing that Wilkins has purloined them. What do *you* think of such an indictment against as sharp a customer as that slippery friend of yours?"

"I think him base enough to do anything—*anything!*" was the energetic reply; "but, at the same time, he's shrewd enough to secure himself from every attempt to convict him. State the whole case, if you please, sir, for I confess to a vivid interest in it. Miss Lopez has long been my beau ideal of a woman, and I should be glad to serve her."

"I was not aware that you knew her even by sight, lad. Where have you met with her?"

"We have not met at all; but I have hunted in the woodland around the Glades, and have seen her out walking. I have sometimes approached the house near enough to hear her singing, or talking with her father, and she has a charming voice for both, sir."

"Umph! I did not give you credit for so much romance, Ben."

"I dare say; I am a matter of fact fellow enough, but such a girl as that is enough to turn the head of any man living. But that's neither here nor there; tell me what passed out yonder, if you please."

Mr. Crampton sat down, and gave a circumstantial detail of what had been revealed to him. The young man listened intently, especially to the account of what had occurred at Oakland in the nocturnal interview Inez had described.

He laughed uneasily, and said:

"Gad! the girl must have dreamed *that* too. She has evidently inherited the faculty from the old man. On such vague grounds do they really expect to establish a criminal charge against Wilkins? It's all nonsense, sir. It can't be done."

"That is my own opinion, and I told them as much. But you associate with Wilkins; you are sharp enough when occasion demands it, and I agreed to use you as a sort of detective. If you could find out anything to bring this charge home to him, your fortune would be made. Lopez is ready to pay roundly to get his vision confirmed."

"I dare say; but it's all moonshine. There is the supper bell, and it is hot enough here to simmer a man's brains. I will do all that I can to serve the cause of my divinity, but I'm afraid that won't be much. Let us go to our boarding-house now, for I am devilish hungry."

By this time twilight had gathered in the room, and the expression of his nephew's face was concealed from Mr. Crampton. Had it been otherwise, he might have been surprised by the fluctuations in his ruddy complexion, for Crowder was strangely moved by what had been told him. He said to his uncle:

"You can go on, sir, and after I have shut up and made all safe here I will follow you."

The elder man strolled away, and, after the shutters were closed and fastened, young Crowder leaned thoughtfully against the wall a few moments, bitterly muttering:

"I wish my hand had been struck from my body before it did this cruel thing. I have ruined the girl I would most gladly serve; and by the maddest confidence ever given by any fool, placed myself in the power of an unscrupulous villain. I must see him without delay—must know on what terms he will treat with me. If he refuses to do what is right, I believe I shall be tempted to choke the life out of him. Hum—Ben. Crowder, that would be bringing yourself to a pretty pass indeed."

After lingering a few moments in deep thought, he passed out, locked the door of the office, and issued into the dusky street; but he did not turn in the direction of his boarding-house. He struck off into another street, and after briskly walking several squares, entered a crowded restaurant, and ordered supper. He kept an observant eye on those who entered, and just as he was dispatching his last muffin, Wilkins came into the saloon, and sat down to look over the evening paper while waiting for his supper.

Crowder impatiently waited till he was nearly through with his meal, and then rising, moved toward the recess in which the table of the young lawyer was placed. He laid his hand suddenly upon his shoulder, and spoke in his ear:

"I have something important to say to you, Wilkins, and I wish you would come with me to your den at once. You see it is an affair that concerns us both very nearly, and we had better talk it over as privately as possible."

The face of Wilkins wore its usual aspect of white impenetrability, and the man that looked down on him felt as if he would gladly mar the oily smoothness of his complexion by covering it with such a mass of bruises as would have rendered it difficult for his own mother to recognize him; but he smiled in his reckless fashion, and Wilkins replied in his even tones:

"Ah, Ben., is that you? I hope that you are in a better humor than when we last parted. Of course I will go with you, for we must come to an understanding, you know, and I have something to tell you that I think will surprise you."

"Hem—you've done that so effectually already that I hardly think anything new in that line will produce much effect. Come on, old fellow; we have both supped, and now to business."

"With all my heart, for I've got something to say to you that I think you will like to hear."

Crowder looked incredulous; but the two passed out and walked side by side in silence till they came to a narrow street, down which they turned, and in a few more moments Wilkins paused in front of a door, took a key from his pocket, and opening the way before them, the two entered a small room fitted up as a lawyer's office.

A table, with a swinging lamp over it, occupied the centre of the floor. Wilkins lit the lamp, pushed a chair toward his companion, and threw himself in another.

The two men then surveyed each other with a curious kind of scrutiny, and after a pause, Wilkins drew forth a cigar case and matches and offered them to his guest, saying, in his calm way:

"Take a weed, Ben. What we've got to say can be better talked over in a cloud of smoke, I guess."

Crowder accepted a cigar, and, lighting it, puffed away a few moments, and then said:

"You are the coolest customer I ever saw, Sam. Do you know that it is as much as I can do to keep my hands off you, after the infamous trick you played me? Have you thought over all I said this morning, and made up your mind to do the right thing?"

"If you mean by that, will I give up the advantage I have gained, I answer *no*. My own interests, as well as yours, are at stake, and I don't intend to be bullied into sacrificing them."

"You don't, ha! Then, by Heavens! I will choke the life out of you, you wretched white sepulchre."

He half started from his seat, red and excited, and Wilkins scornfully said:

"Sit down, Ben.; don't make a fool of yourself, and bring people about us with your loud talking. You would only ruin yourself, and you could bring nothing home to me."

Crowder sank back with a scowl, muttering curses, "not loud, but deep." He ended by saying:

"You [illegible] villain."

"And what are you, pray? [illegible] names, Ben., because I don't want to get riled with you above all men. Our interests are identical in this affair, as you will soon see if you will listen to me."

"No, they are not; and I'll expose you—I swear I will."

"And what would you gain by that? You would only ruin yourself without being able to *prove* anything against me—don't you see?"

"No, I don't," was the response, uttered with savage earnestness that was strikingly in contrast with the feline smoothness of his companion.

Wilkins laughed softly.

"I am a better lawyer, then, than you are, Ben., and as I am used to stating cases, I will put the points of this one before you. Listen now, and judge your cause yourself. You and Jem Blagdon caught a weasel asleep, or, in plainer words, you found old Manly lying insensible on his desk when you went into his office to try and make some arrangement about a promissory note Blagdon had given one of his clients, who threatened to sue him for the money.

"Did you try to help the old man? No; so far from that, you locked the office door, took the keys of his strong boxes and searched for the note in—let me see—in letter H, for the debt was due to a man named Hopkinson.

"Blagdon secured that, and you, tempted by the d—l knows what, lighted on a paper on which was written, to be opened on the day Inez Lopez completes her nineteenth year.

"Well, you took possession of that important little package,—with what ulterior views I will not stop to inquire,—you locked the box, left the keys as you found them, and told no one of the condition of their owner. He was found hours afterwards, and attended to by better Samaritans than you or your friend. Isn't that correct?"

Crowder nodded sullenly, and in the same even tone Wilkins went on:

"Blagdon made way with the note no doubt; *you* broke the seal of the package you had appropriated, and found within it a diagram of the library at Oakland, the old home of the Horton family, in which a certain spot was indicated where a document most important to the interests of Miss Lopez was concealed.

"What did you do then? Did you make any effort to apprise her of this fact? By no means; you went with Blagdon to Oakland, and tried to bribe my uncle to leave you alone in the library for half an hour. It was a shallow proceeding, and of course failed."

"*Then* you had recourse to me. You confided to me what you had done, and offered me a share of the plunder you hoped to gain, if I would aid you in getting possession of what you wanted. I acceded to your offer, and you showed me the diagram. I knew as soon as I looked at it where to lay my hand on the prize, and we agreed to visit the place together."

Crowder here burst in.

"And you, like the dog you are, went off at once and secured the papers for yourself. As soon as I heard that you had left town I knew what your errand was, and I followed you as soon as possible. I took Blagdon with me and visited the place in the night to find that you had rifled it. What excuse have you for such treachery as that?"

"I don't pretend to offer any. It was 'diamond cut diamond,' as the saying goes, and I only foiled you at your own game. I *did* take the will, and I have it now in my possession. I intend to make my fortune out of it, and yours too, in spite of your abuse."

"In what way? Will you treat with Lopez for its restoration?" eagerly asked Crowder.

"Not so green as that, old fellow. He would prosecute me as likely as not for meddling with it, for he is a spiteful old fellow. No; I know a better dodge than that; in fact I've tried it already, and made my bargain."

Crowder opened his eyes to their utmost width, and faltered:

"I—I don't understand you."

"But you soon will. I have taken pains to find out every thing concerning Miss Lopez' affairs. Her aunt, who is almost at her last gasp, holds the Horton estate, and thinks she has the right to give it to any one she may fancy. Unluckily for the fair Inez, she has suffered herself to be rivalled in Mrs. Hawks' affections by a pretty girl she picked up some where as a companion. The consequence is that she has given her niece the go-by, and actually willed the whole of her large fortune to this Miss Gordon."

"It is shameful—it must not stand!"

"But how are you to prevent it? Old Manly was sent for yesterday to make the will, and I called there to-day to collect the fee for him. You know that is my chief business since I commenced practice; and, as Manly keeps no clerk, he often employs me in that way."

He paused, and Crowder glared savagely on him as he asked:

"How did *you* find out what disposition has been made of the property? Manly would hardly tell you *that*."

"But he did though. He was in a great worry about the loss of that trust, and he locked his door, and took me—*me*—ha, ha! into his confidence. He complimented my shrewdness, and told me of a loss he had sustained which involved the interests of a young lady he would not name. But, of course, I knew who he referred to without any assistance from him. He wanted me to help him discover who had robbed him; and went on to state that Mrs. Hawks had made a most unjust will, leaving the whole of her property to a Miss Gordon, whom, it seems, she has adopted.'"

"If the Horton will could be recovered, the provisions made by hers would be easily set aside; and he offered me five hundred dollars if I could succeed in gaining a clue to the person who had robbed him. Five hundred dollars! as if *that* was anything to the man who expects to get a cool one hundred thousand for withholding it!"

Crowder looked aghast.

"A hundred thousand dollars! What are you talking about, Wilkins? Have you lost your senses?"

"Not I, old fellow. I am particularly sane and wide awake to my own interests. I tell you the Gordon girl will give me that when the old lady dies,—and she can't last much longer."

"How do you know that?"

"Hum—well, I may as well tell you, for you dare not 'peach. *She told me so herself.*"

"She—she—Miss Gordon told you that! How on earth did you get within speech of her?"

"Easily enough, as I'll show you if you will listen to me. Of course I accepted the commission given me by old Manly, and promised to do my best to recover the lost trust. He gave me his bill to collect, and I went at once to Mrs. Hawks' rooms.

"I was admitted, but not to the presence of the old lady herself; she was too much indisposed to see any one, but the young one came out,—and such a woman! Ye gods! Miss Lopez is no where beside her, for *she* is shy and proud; but this young queen is as gracious and charming as—as—a woman should be. She has no humbug about her, and I found it easier to talk with her than with any other girl I ever met.

"She paid the bill readily, [illegible] then [illegible] the subject I had at heart, in a cautious manner. But she was ready for me. She had heard of the loss old Manley had sustained,—in fact knew all about it, and she frankly admitted how important it was to her that the Horton will should *not* be forthcoming.

"I hardly know how we got that far along, but we seemed to understand each other intuitively. Sympathetic natures—ha! ha! Well, to cut the matter short, we came to a distinct understanding; and, when Mrs. Hawks' estate comes into Miss Gordon's possession, I am to deliver up the will in exchange for the sum I have named. Deuced cheap too, when you come to think of it, for the girl will make at least three hundred thousand clear by the operation. I might as well have insisted on having half, for she was at my mercy. Now, do you think that old Lopez would give any thing like that to get the will back?"

"I—I hardly think he would, because you see it belongs to his daughter, and this other girl is swindling her out of it. By Jove! Wilkins, this is too bad! I did not mean to do any thing so very wrong when I took it. I—I—I've been madly in love with Miss Lopez for months, though I never exchanged a word with her till that night at Oakland; and I foolishly thought that I might induce her to think of me if I held in my hand the power to restore her to her inheritance. There—the truth is out, and you may make the most of it!"

Wilkins leaned back, and stared at him in a sort of amused wonder. He finally said:

"That's a bad look-out for you, old fellow, for she is engaged to be married."

"How do you know? Who told you such a thing as that? I don't believe a word of it."

"It is true nevertheless. I manage to find out most things, but this is no secret. Young Fenton, that magnificently handsome young Southerner, who turned the heads of half the girls at Newport last year, is the man. Miss Lopez has corresponded with him for months, and he comes here regularly to visit her."

"But her father receives no company. How did he make her acquaintance?"

"Met her in New York—helped her out of a muss on Broadway; was struck all of a heap, fell over head and ears in love, and for once is, I believe, in earnest, though they say he is a great flirt."

Crowder looked steadily at him for several moments, and then brusquely asked:

"Why do you tell me all this?"

"To bring you to your senses, to be sure. And now let me develop my plans with reference to yourself. I intend to be liberal with you, Ben., for you have been the means of putting this spec. in my hands. When my fortune comes in, I will—let me see—I will give you twenty-five per cent. on it, and that will make the neat sum of as many thousand dollars. What do you say to that now? Don't you think it is a prettier windfall than you would be likely to get from the other side?"

Crowder sat sullenly ruminating for a long time, but Wilkins waited patiently till he spoke in a gruff tone:

"I've a good mind to blow the whole thing to old Manly; confess, and set him on you."

"Pooh! what would you gain by that? You would only ruin yourself; bring Blagdon into trouble, and do *me* no harm; for you would have nothing to sustain your accusation against me. No one could swear that *I* took the will from its hiding place, and I shall not be stupid enough to criminate myself. What I say to you without a witness you couldn't bring up against me; so come, old fellow, take up my offer, for you'll never have another that is half as good. Miss Lopez gets a thousand a year, and that is enough for her to bestow on Fenton."

"If I could only lay my hands on Blagdon, we could, with the assistance of Mr. Lopez and his daughter, make out a good case against you."

"Ah, bah! What's the use of threats? They don't alarm me at all. Blagdon dare not show his face after stealing that note of his, and making away with it. When old Manly finds out it is gone, he'll be looking sharply enough after him. I rather think that Jem. is on his way to Texas by this time, and he was quite right to get out of the way. You are in the same box, Ben., for you helped him to purloin it, besides appropriating the other. You are booked for the penitentiary if you are fool enough to play the part of the penitent and confess your evil deeds. The world has no pity for an unsuccessful villain, my boy, as you ought to know by this time.

"Come, old fellow, sharpen up and look on the bright side of this affair. You are devilish hard up, I know, and the cash that will be sure to come to you before long will extricate you from all your difficulties, and leave a handsome surplus after your debts are paid. I am so sure of my quarry that I don't mind making you an advance, for I am in funds just now. I have two fifties in my pocket-book that are at your service, and maybe you can double them before the night is over."

"Or lose them in that cursed place that is well named a hell," cried Crowder, passionately. "In the real pandemonium I don't believe there can be found a worse devil than you are, Sam. Wilkins, for you are tempting me to connive at the blackest villainy a man can be guilty of. If I assist in defrauding this girl, I shall go down to the dogs at a railroad pace, and you'll drive the locomotive that sends me there."

"Very well. Let us start on the journey at once, for I am bound to take it, with you for my companion. I can see no reason why it should end so disastrously, though. Twenty-five thousand dollars will set you up in the world again, and with my share of the spoil, I intend to become a gentleman of leisure. I shall cut the law, go to Europe, and play the part of a man of fashion. In fact, I have been thinking of the feasibility of getting possession of the whole fortune by marrying that sharp girl who was so quickly recognized by me as a kindred spirit. If I can only accomplish *that*, old fellow, I'll give you ten thousand more. What do you say to that, now?"

Crowder regarded him with a dull stare, in which anger and admiration were almost equally blended.

His astute companion considered him a headlong, soft-hearted dunce, easily influenced, and once meshed in difficulties, incapable of extricating himself from them without assistance from shrewder brains than he possessed. He was reckless in expenditure, an unsuccessful though secret gamester, and the tempter who now awaited his decision, never for one instant doubted what it would be. He knew that, bluster as he might, Crowder had no real strength to contend against him.

After a long pause, he fretfully said:

"I don't see why you should reap the principal advantage from—from the *fault* I was guilty of. Even if I consent to a division of the spoil, my share is ridiculously disproportioned to yours, for I can't count with certainty on more than the twenty-five thousand. That girl will never consent to marry *you*, Sam. Wilkins, take my word for that."

"I don't know about that. I think my chances pretty good, considering the hold I have over her. I shall make the effort, at any rate, for she pleases my fancy; she's a regular clipper, and no mistake."

"She's a regular swindler, and nothing less; and if you should force her to marry you to save herself from the consequences of what she has dared to do, she would poison you but she would rid herself of you. That style of woman isn't safe to meddle with, I can tell you."

The face of Wilkins lost something of its impassive expression as Crowder thus brusquely spoke. He laughed faintly, and said:

"That suggestion merits consideration. Well, perhaps it will be best to let Miss Gordon off safe with the lion's share; but I won't be hard on you, Ben. If you are not satisfied with what I have offered you, I am willing to add five thousand more to your pile. That is nearly a third of what I expect to get; and considering that I have taken all the trouble, and the risk, too, I think it a fair division. What do you say?"

"I might say yes if I had anything worth speaking off to go on till the old woman dies. I owe five times as much as the hundred you offered me just now, and I shall come to grief if I don't get enough to pay my debts very soon."

Wilkins reflected a few moments, and then said:

"I have saved up two thousand dollars, and I will divide that with you now on account, so that you can square up and have something left to keep you going till our fortune is paid in. Does that satisfy you, Ben?"

The tempter knew that this bait would prove irresistible to his needy and extravagant listener.

Crowder suddenly put forth his hand, and grimly said:

"Needs must when the d——l drives. I don't see anything else that I can do; and, after all, I need not be so anxious to secure a great fortune to Inez Lopez that she may bestow it on another man. Perhaps Fenton won't have her if she loses her chance for the rhino; so here goes, old Sam. Fork over those bills, and give me an order for the balance of the thousand. I'll not ruin myself, and blow on Jem Blagdon to serve a girl who wouldn't care if I was hung to-morrow."

Wilkins grasped his hand, shook it heartily, and said:

"That's the right spirit, old fellow. I thought I should be able to show you where your true interests lay. Save yourself in preference to all the rest of the world, for nobody else is going to look after you, I can tell you. Here is the money; but, before I write the order for the nine hundred, you must give me your solemn oath that you will not go back from our contract, and there mustn't be any whining around about repentance and all that chaff."

"I understand; where's the book? I am ready now to swear to anything you may demand. I only hope that the old woman won't be in the way much longer, for I can't afford to wait for my inheritance."

"Her life isn't worth a month's insurance. She can't live many weeks, for she has fits that get worse, and the doctors say there is no help for her. Here is the Bible—so now, old fellow."

The oath was taken; the order, to be paid at sight given for the money; and Crowder, with a sudden and characteristic revulsion of feeling, went away whistling a merry tune.

Wilkins sneered as he put out the light and prepared to leave the scene of their conference.

"He's gone now to that private gaming-place, and as likely as not he'll be cleaned out again before morning. Well, I can afford to keep him going awhile, for he has made my fortune for me. I wonder if it would be such a risky thing to make that girl marry me now? I believe I *could* do it, for she would not dare to say no, if I threatened her with exposure and ruin. But then she is as sharp as I am, and I have no proof of her agreement with me. All she would agree to was to give me an order with her own hand for a hundred thousand dollars in exchange for the will, when she comes into possession of the Horton estate. Of course she'll burn it as soon as she gets it, and all we shall have to do will be to keep our own counsel. No, I think I had better not play the spooney on such a losing game as that might be, though I'll swear she is the most tempting piece of millinery I ever came across."

Having thus decided, Mr. Wilkins locked his door, put the key in his pocket, and sauntered away to a favorite haunt of his own, where shilling whist and deep potations were the amusements of the night.

The more he drank, the whiter he looked, for he was one of those slow-blooded creatures who never flush and rarely betray excitement. His game was as cautious to the last as it was at the commencement of the orgies; and he arose from the table a considerable winner, as was usually the case.

The following morning, Crowder informed his uncle that he had been unsuccessful in his endeavors to elicit anything from Wilkins, and that gentleman shrugged his shoulders, and replied:

"It's just as I thought. A fantastical dreamer, like Mr. Lopez, should not throw groundless suspicions on even so slippery a fellow as sharp Sam."

CHAPTER XXI.

Nina Gordon seemed floating on the topmost wave of prosperity, and she cherished the belief that she would soon be wafted into the safe haven of worldly success.

Her days were assiduously devoted to the amusement of her fretful charge, for Mrs. Hawks became even more irritable and exacting as her disease assumed its last fatal phase, and her nights were devoted to the excitements of the ball-room.

Nina found it easy to lead this double life, for it was the duty of Mrs. Perkins to attend to her mistress at night, and her companion of the day was never called on after she retired to her own apartment.

Since her affliction, Mrs. Hawks had secluded herself from society, and she was not a woman to make or keep friends who would cling to her through weal or woe. So, in spite of her wealth, she was an isolated wreck drifting slowly to the inevitable bourne, and dependant on hirelings for the attentions she needed.

That she had a heart was proved by the sudden affection she had conceived for the artful young flatterer who had made herself mistress of all her weak points and played on them for the accomplishment of her own ends; and Nina now exulted in the triumphant certainty that she had almost within her grasp the means of indulging her wildest dreams of splendor.

The fortune bequeathed to her she looked on as inexhaustible, and she felt as if about to be gifted with Aladdin's wonderful lamp or the purse of Fortunatus.

The sum Nina had agreed to pay young Wilkins to secure her succession to the Horton estate she thought a mere bagatelle: the large amount that would be left would amply supply her most fantastic wants, and she revelled in anticipation in the splendor with which she would surround herself.

She thought with pleasure of her free, untrammelled condition, for she had something of the wild Bohemian spirit within her, and she joyfully planned wanderings to and fro in which she would consult only her own whims and be accountable to no one for her actions.

The gay freedom of such a life she could fully appreciate, and Nina panted for the hour to arrive which would place her in a position to enjoy it.

If that poor, deluded old woman could only have read her thoughts while she hovered so affectionately around her, and examined the traces left day by day of the gradual approach of the grim conqueror, she would have driven her from her presence with execrations. As it was, in her blind helplessness she clung to the only creature who seemed to love her, and surrendered herself to the consoling delusion that one heart at least would mourn over her when she was laid in the last home of all the living.

Inez now came every day to visit her aunt, but her coldness towards the unoffending girl never relaxed, and Mrs. Hawks took pains to show her how entirely she was devoted to her adopted daughter.

If this preference wounded her niece, she would not betray it; for Inez was too proud to suffer Nina to see that she keenly felt how much she had lost in being supplanted by her; though she still cherished the hope that something would turn up to enable her to give checkmate in her turn to her aspiring rival.

The season at Newport had nearly come to a close, and more than half the gay votaries of fashion had already winged their way to other scenes of folly and display, but Mrs. Hawks was too much depressed, and really too ill to think of returning to her city home.

So far as Nina was concerned, her sojourn there had been a brilliant triumph. She had been a "bright particular star" whenever she appeared in public, and the faint cloud of mystery that shrouded her actual position only rendered her more interesting to the outside world.

Through the agency of Kitty Bates, it was whispered that Miss Gordon would certainly become the possessor of a brilliant fortune on the death of the *relation* to whom her days were sedulously devoted, and this added the crowning halo to the goddess of the hour.

Hearts were laid at Nina's feet, but their possessors, with a single exception, were destitute of fortune themselves, so she smiled, sighed, and so sweetly declined accepting them, that she made fast friends of her admirers, in spite of the coquetry which had lured them on to a declaration.

Adolphus Bates was the only one of her lovers who could boast of wordly wealth, and Nina shrewdly suspected that he wanted her prospective fortune to bolster up the business of Bates & Son, as much as he wanted herself. But she played her part with such consummate tact, that Adolphus soon surrendered at discretion, and became the most devoted of her slaves.

Nina thought it as well to have more than one resource, and in case anything should happen to disappoint her golden dreams, she could hold him to his pledges as a man of honor, and at least secure the position of his wife.

As to herself, she did not consider that she was bound by any promise she had made, for she had been very careful that they should not be such as she would find it difficult to break if her hopes were realized in the possession of the Horton estate.

Adolphus was simply tiresome to her; his family she considered vulgar *parvenus* who could be tolerated for the facilities they had afforded her to enter the charmed circle of gay society, but she had really no respect or affection for any of them.

From this sweeping condemnation not even Kitty escaped, though Nina cherished a faint feeling of regard for the unselfish and devoted girl who thought far more of her friend's success in society than of her own.

Affairs were in this unsatisfactory condition when a new actor appeared on the scene.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

SYMPATHY.—If the image of my friend rises up, spontaneously as it were, in the mind, and dwells there like an actual presence, so that every lineament of the countenance, every glance of the eye is represented as vividly as if they were indeed before me, and the sound of their voice is in my ear, I firmly believe that at that very moment that person is thinking of me. This is sympathy. Why, if this is not the case, does that phantom rise up uncalled for by any previous word, thought, or association? Impressed with this delightful conviction, I hold sweet communion with the absent, and in the atmosphere of thought enjoy the purest sensation.

THE DISASTERS OF A DAY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

It was a glowing morning in August that we set out. *We* were the inhabitants of our boarding-house, and the tie that bound us together was no stronger than the mere fact that we were sheltered beneath the same roof, and fed at the same board.

But we resolved to have a day's pleasuring, no matter how incongruous the elements which composed our party, or how unpromising those skyey ones on which the success of the excursion so much depended. Nevertheless, "man proposes, and God disposes."

Why should we be content with the sham rurality of the city, when real country was so near and so accessible?

The fact of our excursion had been long fixed upon, but the time had been subject to several postponements. The "first fine day" was at last decided on, and now it had come, and the expedition was, in the language of a certain juvenile member of our party, "bound to come off."

So breakfast was hurried over, and we set out—a jolly stage-load. We lived some distance up-town, and were bound to a certain point near the southern extremity of Manhattan Island, whence a small steamer took its departure, at a convenient hour, in the direction whither our hopes tended.

Arrived at the dock, what a hurrying and skurrying ensued. Our provisions had to be disembarked in the midst of it, and at a serious risk. Defaulting members of our party joined us here. Our legal luminary presented himself with a basket of fruit in his hand, and a huge melon under each arm. There were one or two mysterious packages whose contents were concealed by straw. The baskets and hampers from home were bursting with good things. Derry awkwardly allowed one to fall, amidst a chorus of screams from the feminine portion of the party, and a modicum of shrill scolding from the owner, who heard with who knows what apprehension the curious crash and jingle which ensued from the hamper's contact with mother earth.

At length, disembarkation of animate and inanimate freight, transit and embarkation were accomplished. The "live stock," as our wit designated the party, was safely on board the—Sylphide—(we'll say for the sake of a name), and rambling about, stooping to avoid a revolving crank, starting at a spit of steam through a crevice, slipping where a continual leakage made the deck as constantly wet, and searching through the motley ranks of fellow-excursionists for seats, followed.

And then the *concussed* hamper was made to undergo an examination. Sundry ominous stains on the snowy linen that covered the viands gave token of concealed mischief. And soon, the inner depths explored, the havoc was made apparent. There had been a crash of sundry plates, bottles and glasses. A huge dish of pork and beans, bespoken for the occasion by our Yankee schoolmaster, presented now a ruined and miscellaneous mass. A bottle of salad dressing, a can of plum preserve, a half-dozen hard-boiled eggs, a variety of pies of different material, texture and color, and the contents of a charlotte russe were mixed with the original ingredients in one incongruous mass.

A pretty good portion of our dinner was thus destroyed; but, being in a generally hilarious mood, we all made light of this misfortune, and declared our readiness to face starvation rather than allow that our excursion was marred.

The very fact that each individual's taste had been consulted in viands made matters worse, and the havoc greater. "What is one man's meat is another's poison," says the familiar proverb, and this incident more than proved it. For the conglomerate of every man's meat resulted in every man's poison!

However, with the exhilarating air of that perfect morning, the brilliant sunbeams touching each wavelet's crest with gold, the rapid motion, the gay, busy scene, and the cheerful industry that seemed creative of miracles of art and mechanical skill on every hand, our spirits rose far above such sordid thoughts as that of dinner, and we sailed gaily on.

An open page of that strange study of human nature was before us. How true it is that trivial, unconscious acts, chance words, chance expressions of the face, give the observer his most perfect clue to the character of those with whom he comes in contact. And there is no place where these small but certain signs become more apparent to the looker-on than a party of pleasure. See how a man enjoys himself, and you can judge pretty well what he is. All his little selfishnesses, all his pet aversions are either displayed or indicated. Surly or jovial, finding his sole pleasure in the sports and occupations that please one most to his own tastes, or happy in seeing the enjoyments of his wife and children, and helping them on; gleefully mingling in childish games, and smiling back into the laughing faces of his little ones; giving himself trouble that his wife may be happy and care-free for the day, or withering the bloom of joy on innocent and appealing faces by a frown, pertinacious and quarrelsome for some fancied rights, or yielding even apparent ones for the sake of others—all these traits and more display the man's soul to every gaze on such an occasion.

Women are gossipping and tittering, alternately chiding and coaxing their refractory children, proudly boasting of their attainments and their good looks. Big sisters and brothers are sometimes patronizing, sometimes kind, often haughty and neglectful to the younger brood. Lads and lasses make love and enter into bickerings. Older swains and damsels sit apart and whisper soft nothings, which may indicate flirtation or more serious love-making.

Meanwhile is going on a great consumption of ginger-pop, and lager, pipes, and "*Limburger case;*" and delicate, home-prepared sandwiches, and perhaps a tiny flask of native wine indicate the differing tastes of the excursionists. Outward all is jollity, and reckless enjoyment. Who would seek beneath the surface for darker shades of human feeling.

And so the Sylphide speeds on with many a change in its living freight, as it touches momentarily at the various points of landing.

Our destination was a certain wooden wharf, above which arose a steep and wood-clothed hill. No matter its exact locality. Suffice, that the never-ceasing multitudinous roar of the great city was still sounding in our ears when the boat suddenly rounded to; and we stepped into that green seclusion still almost as the primeval forests.

On a shelf of the hill-side we found a little hotel, with arbors, tables under the trees, and the various tokens of a "resort" in the neighborhood of a city. Passing these with a glance, our party went on, slowly climbing the hill, in the green shade. The heat had become oppressive as we neared noon, and this, with our fatigue made us strangely silent. No laughing music of young voices with the harmonious intermingling bass and treble was heard. There was no common bond of union. Groups silently drew apart, and went panting and toiling along the devious paths that rose ever higher.

No longer joyous and hilarious, it seemed as if the strange stillness and the sombre light had revealed all the shadowy nooks and dark corners that are in every soul. When we came to a group of gray rocks, damp and moss-grown, that projected from the hill-side, with one accord, yet silently, we sat down to rest.

Two men, hired on the wharf,—men of the genus dock-loafer, waiting for a job, with the emoluments whereof to purchase the daily whiskey for which they pined,—came toiling behind laden with hampers and fruit. Their slow foot steps first broke the stillness, then the incessant patter of the brogue.

These were signs of welcome omen, and the faces of the company brightened perceptibly. Dinner was no longer a thing to be despised. And we had since our tiresome ascent conceived an ardent desire to learn how much remained wherewith we might hope to gratify the cravings of an appetite grown suddenly clamorous.

The steps and voices came nearer, bringing with them the hoped fruition. When, suddenly, an awful crash ensued, with a little Babel of alarmed and agitated cries. Another hamper had fallen—this time, from *man-back*, whence it went plunging down the hill. An instant chase ensued, amidst which the melon-bearer managed to drop his precious charge, which went rolling and bumping riverward, as if in perverse determination to become "food for fishes."

Such a scramble as ensued! Such scolding, screaming, swearing! Such a mingling of English, Irish, German, and Yankee exclamations; to say nothing of those in that compound of all modern tongues, which, with a modicum of bad grammar and slang might be known, if it is not, as the New York dialect.

In the chase for the melons, the basket of fine juicy peaches rolled in the dust, and each individual peach taking its own independent course riverward, but few were ever recovered, while the majority became food for such birds and four-footed things as inhabited the hill-side.

When so much of the *debris* as could be reclaimed was gathered up, the whole party took their mournful way toward the plateau where the repast was to be spread, if indeed any material for such repast could be drawn from the wreck of our dinner. Upward we fared in haste, that we might have our hopes revived or wholly crushed as soon as might be; for suspense was worse even than the most grievous certainty.

The stained table-cloth was extricated from the ruins of the first hamper. Sundry napkins, of every hue but the snowy whiteness they had worn when packed, next followed, but were voted *unusable*. Next came fragments of glass and china sufficient to furnish the children of the next party with a capacious baby-house, and then the—let us say what had been—eatables.

Oh, the wreck! What it consisted of has been told before. How it looked and tasted is beyond the power of words to describe. And suffice it to say, the next hamper in contents and condition was like unto it.

The melons had gone to feed certain cold-blooded animals of fluvial propensities—had gone in their *entirety* we should have supposed, had we not seen protruding from the pockets of our unlucky assistants sundry soiled fragments of the delicious fruit. Our peaches were *non est*, but one of our Hibernian aids proclaimed with great glee that he had the basket all safe and sound, at which an irascible gentleman of our party seized the vacant receptacle and hurled it away and downward with all the strength of his brawny arm. Baskets are valuable and desirable in their place, but not *when* they but serve to remind us of the downfall of our hopes, and to mock the clamors of appetite.

By the joint efforts of the entire party, the cloth was spread upon the grass beneath the great trees that sheltered the plateau, and a selection made of such viands as promised most and best. Quantity was not lacking, it was quality we mourned. Uncongenial elements had been brought into disastrous combination. Salad dressing and mock cream, for instance, custards and pickles, pies and pork, chicken and preserves, and others equally incongruous. All that remained to us was selection, and that from most unpromising material.

Absorbed in our labors, we had not observed the gathering gloom. We had been in shadow since we landed, and did not note how it deepened.

At length we gathered about the cloth, and were about to partake of the untempting food that covered it, when we were startled with a long, reverberating roar, as of all the vast artillery of heaven, and without other warning, a torrent of rain fell upon us.

We gathered beneath the trees, but they afforded no protection. Their tall, straight trunks rose to a great height, and were crowned by but a thin canopy. Our sun-shades and thin summer dresses were wet through almost instantly. Crouching there beneath the pouring flood, we had not, for a little time, leisure to observe our unfortunate viands.

The cloth had been spread in a slight hollow, which had now become a lake. From this, in parti-colored streams, poured the liquid portion of our dinner. The rest peaceably soaked in the impromptu basin. Our hopes were now completely demolished.

Fortunately, the shower passed as suddenly as it came, but not till we had been completely drenched. It passed, and the sun again shone out, with blinding glare and intense heat.

Dripping and faint with hunger, we disconsolately wended our way toward a ledge of rocks that, unsheltered, offered us at least a chance of drying our garments. Here, as we turned from side to side, standing in a cloud of steam, hungry and woe-begone, we took a vote upon our future course.

Most of the party, I rejoice to say, showed real Yankee pluck. They had come out for a day of pleasure, and though their toils had not been rewarded, they had no idea of yet giving up the search.

Only two of the party turned homeward. They were wet and doleful. They had met nothing so agreeable in all its aspects as home, since they bade it farewell, and resolved to seek its quiet shades again. And so they took their departure, only accelerating their steps down the steep hillside as the derisive shouts of their companions reached them.

Several hours elapsed before these companions in misfortune reached their home. Congenial friends, they had a keen enjoyment of their solitary journey. But this could not defend the gentleman from sundry disagreeable sensations in the head, similar to those in children which result in "snuffles," nor for those others in the region of the diaphragm, which reminded him continually that he was dinnerless: while curdling chills, burning flashes of fever, and a racking headache, did not permit the lady to forget that she still sat in her damp garments.

Next day she could not speak aloud, and a physician, hurriedly summoned, pronounced her in imminent danger, and for many days she remained very ill. Fortunately, she was the only one whom serious illness visited, and the others, though weary, chilled and hungry, soon recovered from the effects of their day's pleasure, which, among its misfortunes, only brought happiness to this pair of friends. A warmer interest than that before felt had grown out of the danger and the tender cares of this period. Before the chill November winds had wailed themselves into silence, this pair of friends had become "one flesh." And they, at least, have never regretted the disasters of this day of pleasure.

* * *

—Love and respect are rarely found in lost fortune, and adversity seldom meets with the returns of friendship.

FLY AWAY.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Fly away, fly away,
  With a song and a smile,
Fly away, fly away
  To that dear, little isle,
Where no tumult disturbs,
  And the smallest green bowers
Seem made for the shrines
  Of the mammonless hours.

II.

Fly away, fly away,
  And the long sighed-for clime
Shall be blest by the harps
  With a soul-soothing rhyme,
That shall seem like an echo
  There goldenly rolled
From the paradise-choirs
  Of the poets of old.

III.

Fly away, fly away,
  With a song and a smile—
For the summer, at last,
  Calls us all to the isle;
Not for ignoble sleep,
  But for long-needed rest,
That shall give us new strength
  For the wars of the West.

SCRAPS OF ADVENTURE.

FROM AN OLD SAILOR'S LOG-BOOK.

No. XIII.

By SYLVANUS COBB, Jr.

"BREAKER'S AHEAD!"

The Southeast trade-wind gave us good logs upon our course until we reached the thirtieth degree of South latitude, where we entered the region of variable winds, in which the North-westerly currents predominated; and even here we were very seldom called upon to keep a taut bowline, being most of the time able to lie upon our course with a few points to spare.

Capt. Matthews, after he had seen his ship safely out of reach of the hurricane, took to his bunk, and gave up duty entirely, for he could no longer hide from himself the unwelcome fact that he had a settled fever. Had he taken it in season he might have thrown off the sickness with but little trouble, but he had held on until his strength was entirely exhausted, so that his recuperative powers were not worth much. However, Mr. Colver, the supercargo, took him in charge, and when he had once gained a physician's authority he shut the captain up, and placed him under rigid discipline

Of course, the sickness of the captain devolved the command upon Mr. Drake, and the ship could not have been better handled than he handled her. Not a point, below, or aloft, escaped his attention. Every lift, truss, brace, bowline and backstay, was sure to be looked to; and when he had pronounced his final "belay," you might depend upon it that everything was as it should be.

On the morning of the first day of January we were struck by a squall which came very near laying our ship upon her beam ends; but Mr. Sanborn, who had the deck, showed himself equal to the emergency, and got her out of the scrape without even splitting a sail. But himself he did not bring out so safely. During the swinging of the main yard he got his foot caught in a coil of the running part of the weather main brace, which threw him suddenly over, and drew him up to the sheve, where his ancle stopped the ponderous yard. We got him clear as soon as possible, and at first we feared that the leg was broken; but upon examination it turned out that a severe sprain was the extent of the injury; but even that laid him up as effectually for a while as though his leg had been crushed in pieces. After the supercargo had bathed and bandaged the swollen limb, he announced that entire rest for several days at least would be necessary; and so thought the sufferer himself when he found how powerless he had become.

This accident brought a still more heavy duty upon Mr. Drake. By the sickness of the captain he had been called, at times, to do almost double duty, and now he had to hold himself in readiness to answer calls at all hours of the day and night; for our boatswain, though a grand, good sailor, was not equal to the emergency of taking command. As a third mate, Jo. Long was as "good as gold." No man could haul out a reef-earing in a gale of wind better than could he; no man could hand a sail more quickly or neatly; and no man could steer a ship more surely; but when he came to feel the weight of command upon his shoulders—when he came to feel that upon his judgment and decision depended the safety of the ship—it was more than he could bear. The very things which he could have done without an effort while he had a superior to lean upon, became mountains in his way when dependant upon himself alone. And so Mr. Drake came to have the whole load to carry. He and Long were the only two officers left for duty, and he had not only to stand his own watch, but also to be on deck much of the time during the other watch.

On the very next day after Mr. Sanborn received his injury the weather became bad, and during eight and forty hours Mr. Drake was on deck most of the time, gaining not more than half an hour for sleep at any one time. At length I saw that the over-worked man was becoming nervous and excited, and I very soon made up my mind that he was resorting to stimulants to sustain his drooping energies. I noticed it first on the morning of the third day of January. He had been up most of the night, and looked worn and haggard. After breakfast, however, he was as "smart as a trap," and seemed to care nothing for the extra labor that had been heaped upon him. Of course, I felt uneasy; for I knew very well that he was under the influence of liquor. For a man who could control himself the amount he had drank would have had no danger; but for Jonathan Drake it could only be the incentive to more and more; and I feared that he might drink enough to unfit him for his command.

At noon I brought up my sextant. Long and myself got the sun, and found its altitude; but Drake had not caught it at its meridian height. We were in latitude 34 degrees and 52 minutes South; longitude 25 degrees and 46 minutes East; which indicated that we were off the Bay of Algoa, and that our course should be changed.

Since the captain's sickness I had been his constant attendant when not needed on deck, and it had come to pass that all his orders had been sent through me, and that from me he had derived most of his information touching the condition of the ship; so it was natural that Long should speak with me upon the subject of Drake's danger.

"Beck., my boy, I'm afeared he's goin' on bad; and we're too nigh to the coast to run much risk. I can lay the ship upon her course; but I don't like to interfere with Mr. Drake."

Before I could reply the chief mate came up to where we stood.

"Look here, boys," said he, with but a very slight show of the effects of liquor, "I know what you're consulting about, and I know that I've given you occasion; but hold on. Don't, for God's sake, say anything to the captain,—and I give you my word that I don't touch another drop."

"Do you know where we are, Mr. Drake?" asked Long.

"Yes," was the answer. "We're off the headlands of Algoa; and I'll see to it that the old ship is kept all right."

"Then that's enough," said the boatswain.

Mr. Drake cast a beseeching look towards me, and I told him that he had nothing to fear.

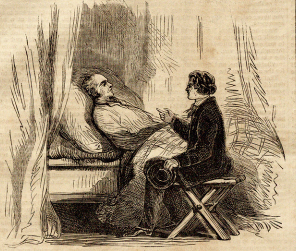
"For the captain's own sake," said I, "I would not have him think there is any trouble. Were he to suspect such a thing he would be on deck in a minute, and it might be the death of him."

Mr. Drake went below and laid out the chart of the Cape Colony coast, and shortly afterwards came up and gave the helmsman his course. I kept a careful watch upon him during the remainder of the day, and was satisfied that he was keeping his promise.

Mr. Drake kept the last dog-watch, and at eight o'clock Mr. Long relieved him, taking charge of the starboard watch, which he kept until midnight, when Mr. Drake again came up with the larboard watch to stand until four o'clock in the morning. From eight o'clock until about ten we had the wind light and variable, but at that time it had come out fresh from the southward and westward, so that we had been braced up pretty sharply on the larboard tack, as our course was very near West.

"You haven't made much headway," said Drake, as he ran his eye over the reckoning which Long had made on the slate.

"Not a great deal," replied Jo.



"I think I shall give her a little more freedom of sheet," pursued the first mate, closing the slate, and sliding it into its place in the binnacle. "We can let her off to a due westerly course without danger. We are pretty well south—farther than there is any need of."

"Do as you think best, Mr. Drake, only be careful, for we want sea-room in these quarters."

Drake said he'd look out for all that, and then Long and I went below.

"I wish," said the boatswain, as he descended to the cabin, "that I'd kept more of the reckonin' myself."

"Do you think there can be any danger?" I asked him.

"No, no," he replied, "I don't think that; but then there'd be some satisfaction in knowing just exactly how level Drake's head had been. Howsumever, we won't fret. We'll take a good observation, and make a careful reckoning to-morrow."

Before turning in, I looked into the captain's state-room and found him awake; and having given him an account of our courses and distances since dark, and answered such questions as he had to ask, I turned to leave.

"Hold on a moment, Beck. I hope Mr. Drake isn't making too much allowance for the southerly current here. Have you heard him say anything about it?"

I told him I had not.

"Never mind," he added, "I'll see him myself in the morning."

After I reached my own bunk, it occurred to me that that was what Mr. Drake had meant when he said the ship would bear a freer sheet. He had, perhaps, taken into account the direction of the ocean current when he had concluded to take a due westerly course. But it was not worth while to go back now. There could be no danger before morning. So I turned in and went to sleep, but sleep did not come to my pillow as usual. I thought of the man who had all our lives in his hands, and I wondered if he would keep the pledge he had made to Long and myself. "Of course he will," I said to myself, and then I shut my eyes, determined to sleep. I had a faint idea of the freshing of the wind, and I thought the ship was bowling along more freely than she had been doing when I left the deck; and with the reflection that the fresher the breeze the more rapidly I was nearing home, my faculties were lost in slumber.

I was awakened by hearing McGuire at Mr. Long's door, calling him for his watch; and as I had turned in "all standing," (in sea-going parlance, full-dressed,) I had nothing to do but turn out and hurry on deck.

"Is everything right?" I heard Long ask of Hod.

And the youngster answered:

"Every thing's right enough with the ship, sir; but I guess the sooner you get on deck the better 'will be for Mister Drake."

When I reached the deck I found the ship spanking along at a merry pace, with her sheets flowing and her top-gallant sails set above full topsails. I cast a glance at the compass, and found her heading west north-west.

"Hallo! Beck., my old boy! aint we stiverin' of it off, eh?"

And Mr. Drake staggered up, and put his hand upon my shoulder.

I will not attempt to set down his words. He was drunk, and he talked to me in a foolish, drunken way. He told me if he could have the deck all the time, he'd have us at home before the month was out. He had got thus far when Long came up; and as quickly as possible I slipped to Jo's side and whispered to him to get Drake below before he said a word about the condition of the ship; for I knew—and he knew, as soon as he came to consider, that any thing like fault-finding would keep the drunken man in argument.

Mr. Drake approached the third mate as he had approached me; and, after boasting of the great things he had done in the way of carrying sail and hugging the homeward course, he offered to stand the coming watch; but Long managed to get him as far as the companionway, and proposed to help him down the ladder; at which offer of assistance Drake laughed contemptuously; and, to show how little he needed it, he seized the man-rope and started down. He had got about half-way down when he lost his balance, and the rest of the distance was made by the run.

He rolled over and over as far as the table, where he lay as though senseless. McGuire stood by the companionway, looking upon the scene; and Long sent him down to see if the man was hurt; and then, without waiting for the result in that quarter, the officer started to the binnacle and took a hurried survey below and aloft. Gowan was at the wheel, not having been relieved; and of him the boatswain inquired how long the ship had been standing on her present course. His reply told the whole story.

Mr. Drake had brought a flask of rum on deck with him, and had been down once during the watch to re-fill it. At about half-past one, he had the reefs shaken out of the main top-sail; and at two, he had changed the course from west to north-west, which was held half an hour, when she was brought up to west-north-west. Several of the men had proposed to call the third officer, but Drake had suspected their design and had kept a strict guard over the companionway.

"If there'd been any sign of danger," said Gowan, in conclusion, "we should have called you, sir, even if we'd had to use force; but we didn't see any, so we thought we'd let him run his watch out."

At this juncture McGuire returned, and reported that Mr. Drake wasn't hurt, and that he'd gone to sleep on the cabin-floor.

Mr. Long's first movement was to down with the helm, and brace up the yards, and lay the ship close to the wind; and as soon as he had her upon a taut bow line, with every thing set up, he allowed the larboard watch to turn in; and then he went below to consult the chart. He found Drake upon the floor, snoring lustily, and he was careful not to disturb him. When he returned, he came to where a number of us were standing by the weather quarter-rail.

"I don't think there's any danger, boys," he said, "unless Mr. Drake has been making miscalculations before. If we were all right this afternoon we can't have run very far off 'm our course; but I aint sure that his head has been right for the last eight-and-forty hours. Howsumever, we'll hug the wind till daylight, and then we can tell better what to do. Captain Matthews may be able to look into matters by that time."

Our ship was now heading west-south-west, the wind being south, and when we threw the log we found her running off eight knots—a pretty good speed upon a bowline;—but we had a spanking breeze, and the water was not very rough.

By and by the eastern horizon began to assume a greyish tint, and the heavens grew warm in the wake of the coming day.

HARK!

What sound was that?'

The men started to their feet and listened.

A low, rumbling sound, like the dying roar of distant thunder, trembled upon the air, and struck terror to the stoutest heart!

Broader and broader grew the arc of light in the east, and the bosom of the ocean began to catch the soft gleams upon the crests of its waves. Wallace Farwell was on the lookout forward. His voice was deep and strong, and while we were listening to the dull roar that trembled in the air, that voice, in tones louder than I had ever heard before from mortal lips, sent up the cry:

"BREAKERS AHEAD!"

Boy that I was, I was cool then when I saw our only able officer blanched with terror; for in a few brief moments the light had increased so fast that the features of the men were distinguishable. As I saw the watch rushing forward I touched the boatswain upon the arm.

"Mr. Long," I said, "if you would save the ship, send the men to their stations; call all hands; and then do you alone keep the lookout forward."

"Thank you, Beck. Do you call all hands, and I will look to the rest."

Then he shouted to the men, if they valued their lives, to jump to the braces, and in a moment more he was upon the bowsprit.

I had no calling of the other watch to do, for Farwell's cry had aroused them as effectually as though a clap of thunder had burst in the forecastle; and by the time the officer had gained his stand upon the bowsprit, every man was on deck and at his station. Captain Matthews had drilled his crew so thoroughly that there was no confusion now. The stations to be assumed when there was danger, unless orders were given to the contrary, were for tacking, and each man knew his place.

The low rumble, that had sounded like dying thunder, had now become a terrific roar, and even from the deck we could see where the dark, jagged masses of rock lifted their awful fronts against the sky. O! how I wished then that Captain Matthews was on deck, or that Mr. Drake was in possession of his senses. Would Jo. Long be cool enough to see what should be done, and to issue the proper orders for doing it? But I was not kept long in suspense. His first order showed that his nerves were steady, and from that moment I trusted him.

"READY ABOUT!" he shouted. He had thought to take the speaking-trumpet, so his voice was distinctly heard.

Our officer saw, looming up in the gray of the morning, a long line of broken rocks, over which the waves broke in mad fury, dashing themselves in pieces, and leaping high into the air. And upon that black, Tartarean shore our ship was being hurled with fearful speed. Should she touch those rocks she was gone, and not a soul on board could live to tell the tale. Mr. Long would have cleared an anchor; and had the cable rove; but he had not time. The ship must be tacked instantly, for those fatal breakers seemed not more than a cable's length from our lee bow.

Every man on the deck knew what must be the result if the ship missed her stays, and the moment they heard the mate's order they went at the work with a will, each cheering the others, and endeavoring to set an example of duty.

"READY! READY!—EASE DOWN THE HELM!"

As these words came through the trumpet the men knew exactly what to do; and at the order "*Helm's a-lee!*" they overhauled the lifts and trusses, and cleared the backstays, paying attention first to their work, and then casting a glance to leeward if they had opportunity.

O! how our hearts ached with apprehension during those few brief moments. Suppose the ship had not headway enough to come up! Suppose some cross-current from the mighty surge should bear her bows back! Noble ships had missed stays before now, and they must do it again.

But, thank Heaven! the old *Naumkeag* did not miss. On she went, sweeping gracefully around in the arc she had struck, and directly the head sails were aback. Just one shout of joy went up from the deck as the noble ship swept swiftly out from her stays, and then the men leaped to the main braces.

"*Mainsail haul!*" shouted the officer, and the yards upon the mainmast came around with a will. They were properly trimmed, and the lifts and trusses hauled taut, and then the happy fellows laid forward to the head braces, and by the time the tack and sheet had been raised the mainsail had caught the wind abaft; and the order was given for swinging the head yards around.

"BELAY ALL!" shouted Long, as he leaped from the station he had taken, and hurried to the taffrail.

Wallace Farwell had just belayed the last bowline when we heard a low, grating sound, and the ship quivered from truck to keelson."

"Look! look! MY GOD!"

It was our boatswain who spoke, and we saw looming up far above our mizzen-top a frowning cliff, with a frightfully jagged front; and as the old ship gathered headway from her sweeping course, the end of the spanker-boom grazed the surface of the foam-lashed rock.

At that moment Jonathan Drake staggered up from the cabin. He saw the rock, with the white foam breaking high upon its bleak sides, he saw the long line of roaring breakers which we were now safely leaving astern; and when he had gazed a few moments, he raised his hands to his face, and sank down like a dead man.

"I am glad he has seen it," said Long, as he called me to assist him in carrying the mate below, "for now he will know how near he came to consigning us all to a fearful death!"

By the time we had got the unfortunate mate to his bunk, and had returned to the deck, the day had fairly broken, and we could plainly see the long line of rocky coast under our stern. As near as we could make out, we were somewhere between the Capes of Recife and St. Francis, and Drake had taken us more than fifty miles from our true course.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A LAW STUDENT states the following case which it seems he has not yet gone far enough in his legal studies to master: While at college, in New England, he "met a young lady, not exactly beautiful as to features, but possessing all those noble traits which constitute the true beauty of woman;" the acquaintance ripened into mutual and declared love, but as he was under "a solemn promise" to his father not to enter into a marriage engagement while at college, he gave the young lady sufficient hints [illegible] son he *didn't* "propose" in due form, and went home with the intention of telling his father "all about it" and getting the paternal consent, &c. But on arriving at home he hadn't the courage to speak to his father on the subject; and a "Southern girl" coming to visit his sister soon afterwards, who was his sister's "chosen friend and exceedingly beautiful," he became fascinated by her, proposed, and was accepted. Immediately afterwards he sat down to analyze the real state of his heart, and found that he loved the New England girl devotedly and inalienably—with whom, by the way, he had all the time kept up an "affectionate correspondence"—and his false position (his engagement having become public) occasioning him great misery, he left home and went to a strange city to study law, that he might escape it. He is now corresponding with both young ladies, (who are entirely unaware of each other's existence,) and has come to the conclusion that he must and will speedily give up one or the other of them; and the question is, all things considered, which should it be. This young man has certainly got himself into a woeful scrape. To determine, and especially to perform his duty to each of the young ladies, and also to himself and family, will be no easy task. It is said that a "full confession is good for the soul," and he should begin by making such a confession all 'round, first truthfully stating the case to his mother, and then with her helpful guidance breaking it to such other parties as are entitled to the information. It is not at all likely that the "Southern girl" would think of marrying him, if she knew that he "devotedly and inalienably loved" another and did not love her at all. Such a spirited angel as he describes her to be would scorn the hand of a man whose heart did not go with it.

OBSERVER says: "I was crossing on a ferry-boat from Hoboken the other morning, when a little boy's hat blew off and overboard, and was lost. His mother and a couple of aunts, as I took them to be, were with him; and all began to scold him and threaten him with punishment, and made a great pother, setting the child to crying, and making themselves a general nuisance. It struck me that the child—he was not more than eight or nine years old—was not at all to blame; and I could not help thinking what a blessing it would have been if his mother and aunts could have acted up to the advice which I am *sure* you would have given them could you have been consulted on the matter. What I would like to know is, just what your notions of such a case—that is, how one should act in such an emergency—are." Such an affair as you have described, especially if the parties happen to be so poor that the price of a hat is a serious matter with them, is one of those occurrences which show whether one has lived in vain or not. To be able to do just the right thing under such circumstances would require either rare natural instincts of justice and propriety, or else high cultivation, and perhaps both. The first thing to do would be to soothe the little boy, and make him feel that no one blamed *him* for the accident. In the next place, care should be taken not to render the occurrence a burden to those within ear-shot by an insensate gabbling and whining about it. Soothe the child as quickly as possible, and then say not another word on the subject.

C. T. O.—The judgment of the old miner who has spent seventeen years in the actual work of gold-mining, and has "gone down on" all sorts of veins, would probably be better as to the richness of a mine that has been opened than that of a mining engineer, unless the latter had also *had practical experience in mines and mining*. When a practical judgment on any subject is called for, so much depends on the education of those senses on whose perception the judgment must be based, that it is never safe to trust to "speculative knowledge" in opposition to that which is practical.

E. M. T.—Many years ago, the teeth of the walrus, hippopotamus, moose, &c., were used in the manufacture of artificial teeth, but they are seldom used for such purpose now. In fact, some of our most eminent dentists of the present day would tell you that they never saw an artificial tooth made of such material. The teeth now in use for dental purposes are for the most part made of quartz, feldspar, kaolin, etc., and tinted with mineral oxides. There are large manufactories in the United States, where artificial teeth are turned out by the tens of thousands.

J. N.—Benedict Arnold left a son as well as a wife when he fled from West Point to the British sloop, on learning that André had been captured. The child was an infant, and asleep at the time; and the record is that Arnold stooped and kissed his sleeping boy before he fled. That boy entered the British service, and became a lieutenant-general therein as late as 1853, at which time he was seventy-three years old.

SUBSCRIBER, (Baltimore).—It would not do for you to attempt to "right your own wrongs." Leave that work to the tribunals provided for the purpose by the State. It is time for bowie-knives and revolvers to be laid aside forever by members of civilized society.

A MOTHERLESS DAUGHTER states a case which covers so many others which have recently been submitted to us, that we will publish her letter entire, and answer it for the benefit of the class which she represents. She says: "While on a visit to a distant city, I there made the acquaintance of a young gentleman; he also came from a distant city. We formed a mutual attachment, which finally resulted in an engagement. At length I departed for my home, he promising faithfully to follow in three months, but in a letter deferred it for a few months longer. It is now nearly two years since we parted, and I have received but two letters during that period. In my answer to his last one, I told him my parents wished me to marry a man at home—one I could never love—and that I would not comply, wishing rather to die than prove false to the one I loved so well. My last letter has been returned, and it gave me information he had left his firm. I never heard from him since, save a few passing words from the tongues of strangers, which were that I wasn't the girl he took me to be, and I wasn't as rich as he thought, and he would not marry me. What I wish to ask you is this: whether it would be prudent for me to write to him, or make any inquiries concerning him, for I cannot allow myself to consider that our engagement is at an end, or that one who so faithfully promised to love me, and received my unbounded love, has proved false to me. Since the occurrence of these events death has visited our household, and taken from us a treasure in the person of my mother, one of the few I have loved here on earth. I miss her smiling countenance and her sweet counsels, and I mourn sincerely the loss of the best of my earthly friends. I am very unhappy; though young in years I am old in sorrow. Please answer this soon." The great trouble with this girl, and with her whole class, is a lack of dutifulness, dignity and self-respect. The idea of a girl's chasing about and whining after a wretch who has insulted her for two years, is enough to excite one's disgust. But such conduct is not surprising in a daughter who could so far forget her duty to her parents as to enter into a marriage engagement with a stranger, unbeknown to them, and the result is only a natural retribution for such ungrateful and treacherous conduct. The girl who is true to all her own home duties, and to herself, is seldom, if ever, subjected to such humiliations as "A Motherless Daughter" has set forth in her letter.

ENCUMBRANCE.—If you have stated the truth as to the declarations made by the "conveyancer," so-called, who drew your lease, and "looked into the title of the premises," he is a most pretentious numbskull. Instead of any body of good common sense being able to act as a conveyancer, it actually requires very special and comprehensive legal knowledge to fit a man for that business. In your own case, as stated by yourself, it matters very little what incumbrances are on the farm, as your lease of it is utterly invalid. If you and your "conveyancer" will look at the constitution of this State,—article 1, § 14,—you will find a provision to the effect that no lease or grant of *agricultural* land for a longer period than *twelve* years, in which shall be reserved any rent or service of any kind, shall be valid. Under this constitutional provision, what is your twenty-one-year lease of the farm, "with covenants of renewal," good for? You need not trouble yourself about the incumbrances until you make provision for obtaining a valid lease.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN accepted an offer of marriage last winter, the fulfillment of which was postponed for a season, and since she thus entered into the engagement she has become acquainted with a man whom she loves, as she says, a great deal better than she does the one that she has promised to marry. "This is a painful situation for a sensitive woman to be placed in," she adds, "and I don't know what to do. If I marry him to whom I am engaged I shall be miserable for life, and make him miserable too. But if I marry the man I love, I shall be happy as long as I live, and make my husband happy also. What would you advise me to do under the circumstances?" You should tell your betrothed just what you have told us, and await the expression of his sentiments on the subject. It is very likely that on his learning what a fickle, variable, unfaithful, shallow heart you have, he will be glad to surrender up all claim on it.

[illegible] should not allow the sneer of "red tape" to lead [illegible] established, [illegible] settled forms, when the preparation of documents involving important interests is under consideration. It is better to have a document full of what to inexperienced minds may seem redundant technicalities, but which is absolutely without flaw or seam of legal weakness, than to trust to novel though much briefer forms. The phraseology and forms which have been fought through all the courts, and stood unshaken against the fiercest and most subtle onsets, are guaranties of security and peace; whereas experiments in untried modes, however pleasant to the ear and to unprofessional "common-sense," invite litigation, and are fruitful of future annoyances.

HOSPODAR.—A man certainly has no *moral* right to "pay attentions" to a lady for several years without ever having the least intention of marriage, even though he never says anything which she could construe into a pretence of love. The very fact of a man's selecting out a lady on whom to bestow his company, is not only to her, but also to others, a declaration that he feels an unusual interest in and preference for her society. And it has even been held, in a suit for breach of promise, in the Supreme Court of this State, that such prolonged "attentions" to a lady *implied a marriage engagement*, and afforded sufficient ground for maintaining the action.

INVOLUNTARY DISLIKE.—This correspondent, who is a young lady, says she is subject to the taking of the bitterest dislikes to people, without the slightest cause, and that this trait has been hereditary in her family for two hundred years. She has now taken an unconquerable dislike to her betrothed, which renders his presence not only burdensome but *loathsome* to her, and asks, "What shall I—what *can* I do? If I marry him, I fear that I shall go insane, and yet how can I excuse a breach of my engagement?" You should tell *him*, and also your parents, the exact truth of the case, and have the matter settled by reason and not by sentiment.

INTENDED.—You magnify mole-hills into mountains, but, of course, you can't help it. That is, and in the nature of things must be, the way with every girl who arrives at the dignity of an "intended." A heart that is constantly roasting in Cupid's furnace must necessarily become surpassingly sensitive. But you would do well to remember that the things which seem so important to you are of no consequence to the world at large, and that the lover who is such a tremendous fellow in your estimation, is a very ordinary mortal in the estimation of everybody else except his mother.

ECONOMIST.—So long as a man exercises such husbandry of his means, as that he ensures his friends and society against the chance of himself or family becoming a burden upon them or it, his expenditure of his income or estate is purely a matter of personal judgment and discretion,—a domain into which no outsider has any right to intrude. This being so, it is not for you to question your friend's expenditures, unless he is running such a career as threatens ultimately to throw the burden of his support upon third parties.

EXTRA.—If the young lady is the admirable person that you represent her to be, the fact that her parentage is unknown should not stand in the way of your marrying her, considering the great respectability of the family that has brought her up. It may be that she is the lost child of some princely family. Such a lovely, Christian girl as you describe, could not very well be of ignoble or vile lineage.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

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